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INTO THY HANDS, OH LORD.

BY HARRIET WARE STILLMAN.

The night is dark, tempestuous and drear,
A night of danger and of mortal fear;
But while the storm
Is wildly raging round my trembling home,
I clasp my hands upon my breast,
And looking upward sink to peaceful rest,
Breathing the words "Into Thy hands, oh, Lord,
My spirit I commend." I trust Thy word
That those are safe who rest their all on Thee,
Though tempests shake the earth and toss the sea.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

FELIX BRIERWOOD WATCHING THE NEWLY-ARRIVED PASSENGERS.

[See Story on [illegible] Page.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOONLIGHT INTERVIEW.

Cold and still looked the old house in the moonbeams. Never was the moon brighter; it lighted the far-stretching garden, it illuminated even the weathercock aloft, it shone upon the portico, and upon one who appeared in it. Stealing to the portico from the house had come Barbara Hare, her eyes strained in dread affright on the grove of trees at the foot of the garden. What was it that had stepped out of that grove of trees, and mysteriously beckoned to her as she stood at the window, turning her heart to sickness as she gazed? Was it a human being, one to bring more evil to the house, where so much evil had already fallen? was it a supernatural visitant? or was it but a delusion of her own eyesight? Not the latter, certainly, for the figure was now emerging again, motioning to her as before: and, with a white face and shaking limbs, Barbara clutched her shawl round her and went down the path in the moonlight. The beckoning form retreated within the dark recess as she neared it, and Barbara halted.

"Who and what are you?" she asked, under her breath. "What do you want?"

"Barbara," was the whispered eager answer, "don't you recognize me?"

Too surely she did—the voice at any rate—and a cry escaped her, telling more of sorrow than of joy, though betraying both. She penetrated the trees, and burst into tears as one, in the dress of a farm laborer, caught her in his arms. In spite of his smock-frock and his straw-wisped hat, and his false whiskers, black as Erebus, she knew him for her brother.

"Oh, Richard! where have you come from? What brings you here?"

"Did you know me, Barbara?" was his rejoinder.

"How was it likely—in this disguise? A thought crossed my mind that it might be some one from you, and even that made me sick with terror. How could you run such a risk as to come here?" she added, wringing her hands. "If you are discovered, it is certain death; death—upon—you know!"

"Upon the gibbet," returned Richard Hare. "I do know it, Barbara."

"Then why risk it? Should mamma see you it will kill her outright."

"I can't live on as I am living," he answered, gloomily. "I have been working in London ever since—"

"In London!" interrupted Barbara.

"In London, and have never stirred out of it. But it is hard work for me, and now I have an opportunity of doing better, if I can get a little money. Perhaps my mother can let me have it; it is what I have come to ask for."

"How are you working? What at?"

"In a stable-yard."

"A stable-yard!" she uttered, in a deeply shocked tone. "Richard!"

"Did you expect it would be as a merchant, or a banker, or perhaps as secretary to one of her majesty's ministers—or that I was a gentleman at large, living on my fortune?" retorted Richard Hare, in a tone of chafed anguish, painful to hear. "I get twelve shillings a week, Barbara, and that has to find me in everything!"

"Poor Richard! poor Richard!" she wailed, caressing his hand, and weeping over it. "Oh, what a miserable night's work that was! Our only comfort is, Richard, that you must have committed the deed in madness."

"I did not commit it at all," he replied.

"What!" she exclaimed.

"Barbara, I swear that I am innocent; I swear I was not present when the man was murdered; I swear that, from my own positive knowledge, my eyesight, I know no more who did it than you. The guessing at it is enough for me; and my guess is as sure and true a one as that moon is in the heavens."

Barbara shivered as she drew closer to him. It was a shivering subject. "You surely do not mean to throw the guilt on Bethel?"

"Bethel!" slightly returned Richard Hare. "He had nothing to do with it. He was after his gins and his snares, that night, though, poacher as he is!"

"Bethel is no poacher, Richard."

"Is he not!" rejoined Richard Hare, significantly. "The truth as to what he is may come out, some time. Not that I wish it to come out; the man has done no harm to me, and he may go on poaching with impunity till doomsday for all I care. He and Lookaley—"

"Richard," interrupted his sister, in a hushed voice, "mamma entertains one fixed idea, which she cannot put from her. She says she is certain Bethel had something to do with the murder."

"Then she is wrong. Why should she think so?"

"How the conviction arose at first, I cannot tell you; I do not think she knows herself. But you remember how weak and fanciful she is, and since that dreadful night she is always having what she calls 'dreams'—meaning that she dreams of the murder. In all these dreams Bethel is prominent; and she says she feels an absolute certainty that he was, in some way or other, mixed up in it."

"Barbara, he was no more mixed up in it than you."

"And—you say that you were not?"

"I was not even at the cottage at the time; I swear it to you. The man who did the deed was Thorn."

"Thorn!" echoed Barbara, lifting her head. "Who is Thorn?"

"I don't know who. I wish I did; I wish I could unearth him. He was a friend of Afy's."

Barbara threw back her neck with a haughty gesture.

"Richard!"

"What?"

"You forget yourself, when you mention that name to me."

"Well," returned Richard, "it was not to discuss these things that I put myself in jeopardy; and to assert my innocence can do no good; it cannot set aside the coroner's verdict of 'Wilful murder against Richard Hare, the younger.' Is my father as bitter against me as ever?"

"Quite. He never mentions your name, or suffers it to be mentioned; he gave his orders to the servants that it never was to be spoken in the house again. Eliza could not, or would not remember, and she persisted in calling your room 'Mr. Richard's.' I think the woman did it heedlessly, not maliciously to provoke papa; she was a good servant, and had been with us three years, you know. The first time she transgressed, papa warned her; the second, he thundered at her, as I believe nobody else in the world can thunder; and the third, he turned her from the doors, never allowing her to get her bonnet; one of the others carried her bonnet and shawl out to the gate, and her boxes were sent away the same day. Papa took an oath that—did you hear of it?"

"What oath? He takes many."

"This was a solemn one, Richard. After the delivery of the verdict, he took an oath in the justice-room, in the presence of his brother magistrates, that if he could find you he would deliver you up to justice, and that he would do it, though you might not turn up for ten years to come. You know his disposition, Richard, and therefore may be sure that he will keep it. Indeed, it is most dangerous for you to be here."

"I know that he never treated me as he ought," cried Richard, bitterly. "If my health was delicate, causing my poor mother to indulge me, ought that to have been a reason for his ridiculing me on every possible occasion, public and private? Had my home been made happier, I should not have sought the society I did elsewhere. Barbara, I must be allowed an interview with my mother."

Barbara Hare reflected before she spoke. "I do not see how it could be managed."

"Why can't she come out to me as you have done? Is she up, or in bed?"

"It is impossible to think of it to-night," returned Barbara, in an alarmed tone. "Papa may be in at any moment; he is spending the evening at Beauchamp's."

"It is hard to have been separated from her for eighteen months, and to go back without seeing her," returned Richard. "And about the money? It is a hundred pounds that I want."

"You must be here again to-morrow night, Richard; the money, no doubt, can be yours, but I am not so sure about your seeing mamma. I am terrified for your safety. But, if it is as you say, that you are innocent," she added, after a pause, "could it not be proved?"

"Who is to prove it? The evidence is strong against me; and Thorn, did I mention him, would be as a myth to other people: nobody knew anything of him."

"Is he a myth?" said Barbara, in a low tone.

"Are you and I myths?" retorted Richard. "So, even you doubt me?"

"Richard," she suddenly exclaimed, "why not tell the whole circumstances to Archibald Carlyle? If any one can help you, or take measures to establish your innocence, he can. And you know that he is true as steel."

"There's no other man living should be trusted with the secret that I am here, except Carlyle. Where is it supposed that I am, Barbara?"

"Some think you are dead; some that you are in Australia; the very uncertainty has nearly killed mamma. A report arose that you had been seen at Liverpool, in an Australia-bound ship, but we could not trace it to any foundation."

"It had none. I dodged my way to London, and there I have been."

"Working in a stable-yard?"

"I could not do better. I was not brought up to anything, and I did understand horses. Besides, a man that the police-runners were after, could be more safe in obscurity, considering he was a gentleman, than—"

Barbara turned suddenly, and placed her hand upon her brother's mouth. "Be silent for your life," she whispered; "here's papa."

Voices were heard approaching the gate—those of Justice Hare and Squire Pinner. The latter walked on; the former came in. The brother and sister cowered together, scarcely daring to breathe; you might have heard Barbara's heart beating. Mr. Hare closed the gate, and walked on, up the path.

"I must go, Richard," said Barbara, hastily; "I dare not stay another minute. Be here again to-morrow night, and meanwhile I will see what can be done."

She was speeding away, but Richard held her back. "You did not seem to believe my assertion of innocence, Barbara, we are here alone in the still night, with God above us: as truly as that you and I must some time meet Him face to face, I told you the truth. It was Thorn murdered Hallijohn, and I had nothing whatever to do with it."

Barbara broke out of the trees, and flew along, but Mr. Hare was already in, locking and barring the door.

"Let me in, papa," she called out.

The justice opened the door again, and thrusting forth his flaxen wig, his aquiline nose, and his amazed eyes, gazed at Barbara.

"Hollos! what brings you out at this time of night, young lady?"

"I went down to the gate to look for you," she panted, "and had—had—strolled over to the side-path. Did you not see me?"

Barbara was truthful by nature and habit; but in such a cause, how could she avoid dissimulation?

"Thank you, papa," she said, as she went in.

"You ought to have been in bed an hour ago," angrily responded Mr. Justice Hare.

CHAPTER V.

MR. CARLYLE'S OFFICE.

In the centre of West Lynne stood two houses adjoining each other, one large, the other much smaller. The large one was the Carlyle residence, and the small one was devoted to the Carlyle offices. The name of Carlyle bore a lofty standing in the county; Carlyle & Davidson were known as first-class practitioners; no pettifogging lawyers were they. It was Carlyle & Davidson in the days gone by; now it was Archibald Carlyle. The old firm were brothers-in-law—the first Mrs. Carlyle having been Mr. Davidson's sister. She had died and left one child, Cornelia, who was grown up when her father married again. The second Mrs. Carlyle died when her son was born—Archibald; and his half-sister reared him, loved him, and ruled him. She bore for him all the authority of a mother; the boy had known no other, and, when a little child, he had called her Mamma Corny. Mamma Corny had done her duty by him, that was undoubted; but Mamma Corny had never relaxed her rule; with an iron hand she liked to rule him now, in great things, as in small, just as she had done in the days of his babyhood. And Archibald generally submitted, for the force of habit is strong. She was a woman of strong sense, but, in some things, weak of judgment; and the ruling passions of her life were love of Archibald, and love of saving money. Mr. Davidson had died earlier than Mr. Carlyle, and his fortune—he had never married—was left equally divided between Cornelia and Archibald. Archibald was no blood relation to him, but he loved the open-hearted boy better than he did his niece Cornelia. Of Mr. Carlyle's property, a small portion only was bequeathed to his daughter, the rest to his son; and in this, perhaps, there was justice, since the £20,000 brought to Mr. Carlyle by his second wife had been chiefly instrumental in the accumulation of his large fortune.

Miss Carlyle, or, as she was called in the town, Miss Corny, had never married; it was pretty certain she never would; people thought that her intense love of her young brother kept her single, for it was not likely that the daughter of the rich Mr. Carlyle had wanted for offers. Other maidens confess to soft and tender impressions. Not so Miss Carlyle; all who had approached her with the love-lorn tale, she sent quickly to the right about.

Mr. Carlyle was seated in his own private room in his office the morning after his return from town. His confidential clerk and manager stood near him. It was Mr. Dill, a little, meek-looking man with a bald head. He was on the rolls, had been admitted years and years ago, but had never set up for himself; perhaps he deemed the post of head manager in the office of Carlyle & Davidson, with its substantial salary, sufficient for his ambition; and manager he had been to them when the present Mr. Carlyle was in long petticoats. He was a single man, and occupied handsome apartments near.

Between the room of Mr. Carlyle and that of the clerks, was a small square space, or hall, having ingress also from the house passage; another room opened from it, a narrow one, which was Mr. Dill's own peculiar sanctum. Here he saw clients when Mr. Carlyle was out or engaged, and here he issued private orders. A little window, not larger than a pane of glass, looked out from it on the clerk's office; they called it old Dill's peep-hole, and wished it anywhere else, for his spectacles might be discerned at it more frequently than was agreeable. The old gentleman had a desk, also, in their office, and there he frequently sat. He was sitting there, in state, this same morning, keeping a sharp lookout around him, when the door timidly opened, and the pretty face of Barbara Hare appeared at it, rosy with blushes.

"Can I see Mr. Carlyle?"

Mr. Dill rose from his seat and shook hands with her. She drew him into the passage, and he closed the door. Perhaps he felt surprised, for it was not the custom for ladies, young and single, to come there after Mr. Carlyle.

"Presently, Miss Barbara. He is engaged just now. The justices are with him."

"The justices!" uttered Barbara, in alarm; "and papa one? Whatever shall I do? He must not see me. I would not have him see me here for the world."

An ominous sound of talking; the justices were evidently coming forth. Mr. Dill laid hold of Barbara, whisked her through the clerks' room, not daring to take her the other way, lest he should encounter them, and shut her in his own. "What the plague brought papa here at this moment?" thought Barbara, whose face was crimson.

A few minutes, and Mr. Dill opened the door again. "They are gone now, and the coast's clear, Miss Barbara."

"I don't know what opinion you must form of me, Mr. Dill," she whispered, "but I will tell you, in confidence, that I am here on some private business for mamma, who was not well enough to come herself. It is a little private matter that she does not wish papa to know of."

"Child," answered the manager, "a lawyer receives visits from many people; and it is not the place of those about him to 'think.'"

He opened the door as he spoke, ushered her into the presence of Mr. Carlyle, and left her. The latter rose in astonishment.

"You must regard me as a client, and pardon my intrusion," said Barbara, with a forced laugh, to hide her agitation. "I am here on the part of mamma—and I nearly met papa in your passage, which terrified me out of my senses. Mr. Dill shut me into his room."

Mr. Carlyle motioned to Barbara to seat herself, and then resumed his own seat, beside his table. Barbara could not avoid noticing how different his manners were in his office, from his evening manners, when he was "off duty." Here he was the staid, calm man of business.

"I have a strange thing to tell you," she began, in a whisper, "but it is impossible that any one can hear us?" she broke off, with a look of dread. "It would be—it might be—death!"

"It is quite impossible," calmly replied Mr. Carlyle. "The doors are double doors; did you notice that they were?"

Nevertheless, she left her chair, and stood close to Mr. Carlyle, resting her hand upon the table. He rose, of course.

"Richard is here!"

"Richard!" repeated Mr. Carlyle. "At West Lynne!"

"He appeared at the house last night, in disguise, and made signs to me from the grove of trees. You may imagine my alarm. He has been in London all this while, half-starving, working—I feel ashamed to mention it to you—in a stable-yard. And, oh, Archibald! he says he is innocent."

Mr. Carlyle made no reply to this. He probably had no faith in the assertion. "Sit down, Barbara," he said, drawing her chair closer.

Barbara sat down again, but her manner was hurried and nervous. "Is it quite sure that no stranger will be coming in? It would look so peculiar to see me here; but mamma was too unwell to come herself—or, rather, she feared papa's questioning, if he found out that she came."

"Be at ease," replied Mr. Carlyle; "this room is sacred from the intrusion of strangers. What of Richard?"

"He says that he was not in the cottage at the time the murder was committed; that the person who really did it was a man of the name of Thorn."

"What Thorn?" asked Mr. Carlyle, suppressing all signs of incredulity.

"I don't know; a friend of Afy's, he said. Archibald, he swore to it in the most solemn manner; and I believe, as truly as that I am now repeating it to you, that he was speaking truth. I want you to see Richard, if possible; he is coming to the same place to-night. If he can tell his own tale to you, perhaps you may find out a way by which his innocence may be made manifest. You are so clever; you can do anything."

Mr. Carlyle smiled. "Not quite anything, Barbara. Was this the purport of Richard's visit—to say this?"

"Oh, no! He thinks it is of no use to say it, for nobody would believe him against the evidence. He came to ask for a hundred pounds; he says he has an opportunity of doing better, if he can have that sum. Mamma has sent me to you; she has not the money by her, and she dare not ask papa for it, as it is for Richard. She bade me say that if you will kindly oblige her with the money to-day, she will arrange with you about the repayment."

"Do you want it now?" asked Mr. Carlyle. "If so, I must send to the bank. Dill never keeps much in the house when I'm away."

"Not until evening. Can you manage to see Richard?"

"It is hazardous," mused Mr. Carlyle; "for him, I mean. Still, if he is to be in the grove to-night, I may as well be there also. What disguise is he in?"

"A farm laborer's, the best he could adopt about here, with large, black whiskers. He is stopping about three miles off, he said, in some obscure hiding-place. And now," continued Barbara, "I want you to advise me; had I better inform mamma that Richard is here, or not?"

Mr. Carlyle did not understand, and said so.

"I declare I am bewildered," she exclaimed. "I should have premised that I have not yet told mamma it is Richard himself who is here, but that he has sent a messenger to beg for this money. Would it be advisable to acquaint her?"

"Why should you not? I think you ought to do so."

"Then I will; I was fearing the hazard; for she is sure to insist upon seeing him. Richard also wishes for an interview."

"It is only natural. Mrs. Hare must be thankful to hear, so far, that he is safe."

"I never saw anything like it," returned Barbara; "the change is akin to magic; she says it has put life into her anew. And now for the last thing; how can we secure papa's absence from home to-night? It must be accomplished in some way. You know his temper; were I or mamma to suggest to him to go and see some friend, or to go to the club, he would immediately stop at home. Can you devise any plan? You see I appeal to you in all my troubles," she added, "like Anne and I used to do when we were children."

It may be questioned if Mr. Carlyle heard the last remark. He had dropped his eyelids in thought. "Have you told me all?" he added presently, lifting them.

"I think so."

"Then I will consider it over, and—"

"I shall not like to come here again," interrupted Barbara. "It—it might excite suspicion; some one might see me, too, and mention it to papa. Neither ought you to send to our house."

"Well—contrive to be in the street at four this afternoon. Stay, that's your dinner-hour; be walking up the street at three, three precisely; I will meet you."

He rose, shook hands, and escorted Barbara through the small hall, along the passage to the house-door; a courtesy probably not yet shown to any client by Mr. Carlyle. The house-door closed upon her, and Barbara had taken one step from it, when something large loomed down upon her, like a ship in full sail.

She must have been the tallest lady in the world—out of a caravan. A fine woman in her day, but angular and bony now. Still, in spite of the angles and the bones, there was majesty in the appearance of Miss Carlyle.

"Why—what on earth!" began she, "have you been with Archibald?"

Barbara Hare, wishing Miss Carlyle over in Asia, stammered out the excuse she had given Mr. Dill.

"Your mamma sent you on business! I never heard of such a thing. Twice have I been to see Archibald, and twice did Dill answer that he was engaged and must not be interrupted. I shall make old Dill explain his meaning for observing a mystery over it to me."

"There is no mystery," answered Barbara, feeling quite sick lest Miss Carlyle should proclaim there was, before the clerks, or her father. "Mamma wanted Mr. Carlyle's opinion upon a little private business, and, not feeling well enough to come herself, she sent me."

Miss Carlyle did not believe a word. "What business?" asked she, unceremoniously.

"It is nothing that could interest you. A trifling matter, relating to a little money. It's nothing, indeed."

"Then, if it's nothing, why were you closeted so long with Archibald?"

"He was asking the particulars," replied Barbara, recovering her equanimity.

Miss Carlyle sniffed, as she invariably did, when dissenting from a problem. She was sure there was some mystery astir. She turned and walked down the street with Barbara, but she was none the more likely to get anything out of her.

Mr. Carlyle returned to his room, deliberated a few moments, and then rang his bell. A clerk answered it.

"Go to the Buck's Head. If Mr. Hare and the other magistrates are there, ask them to step over to me."

The young man did as he was bid, and came back with the noted justices at his heels. They obeyed the summons with alacrity, for they believed they had got themselves into a judicial scrape, and that Mr. Carlyle alone could get them out of it.

"I will not request you to sit down," began Mr. Carlyle, "for it is barely a moment I shall detain you. The more I think about this man's having been put in prison, the less I like it; and I have been considering that you had better, all five, come and smoke your pipes at my house this evening, when we shall have time to discuss what must be done. Come at seven, not later, and you will find my father's old jar replenished with the best broadcut, and half a dozen churchwarden pipes. Shall it be so?"

The whole five accepted the invitation eagerly. And they were filing out when Mr. Carlyle laid his finger on the arm of Justice Hare.

"You will be sure to come, Hare," he whispered. "We could not get on without you; all heads," with a slight inclination toward those going out, "are not gifted with the clear good sense of yours."

"Sure and certain," responded the gratified justice; "fire and water shouldn't keep me away."

Soon after Mr. Carlyle was left alone, another clerk entered.

"Miss Carlyle is asking to see you, sir, and Colonel Bethel's come again."

"Send in Miss Carlyle first," was the answer. "What is it, Cornelia?"

"Ah! you may well ask what. Saying this morning that you could not dine at six, as usual, and then marching off, and never fixing the hour. How can I give my orders?"

"I thought business would have called me out, but I am not going now. We will dine a little earlier, though, Cornelia, say a quarter before six. I have invit—"

"What's up, Archibald?" interrupted Miss Carlyle.

"Up! Nothing that I know of. I am very busy, Cornelia, and Colonel Bethel is waiting; I will talk to you at dinner time. I have invited a party for to-night."

"A party!" echoed Miss Carlyle.

"Four or five of the justices are coming in to smoke their pipes. You must put out your father's leaden tobacco-box, and—"

"They shn'nt come," screamed Miss Carlyle. "Do you think I'll be poisoned with tobacco-smoke from a dozen pipes?"

"You need not sit in the room."

"Nor they either. Clean curtains are just put up throughout the house, and I'll have no horrid pipes to blacken them."

"I'll buy you some new curtains, Cornelia, if their pipes spoil these," he quietly replied. "And now, Cornelia, I really must beg you to leave me."

"When I have come to the bottom of this affair with Barbara Hare," resolutely returned Miss Corny, dropping the point of contest as to the pipes. "You are very clever, Archie, but you can't do me. I asked Barbara what she came here for; business for her mamma, touching money matters, was her reply. I ask you; to hear your opinion about the scrape the bench have got into, is yours. Now, it's neither one nor the other; and I tell you, Archibald, I'll hear what it is. I should like to know what you and Barbara do with a secret between you."

Mr. Carlyle knew her and her resolute expression well, and he took his course, to tell her the truth. She was, to borrow the words Barbara had used to her brother with regard to him, true as steel. Confide to Miss Carlyle a secret, and she was trustworthy and impervious as he could be; but let her once suspect that there was a secret which was being kept from her, and she would set to work like a ferret, and never stop till it was unearthed.

Mr. Carlyle bent forward and spoke in a whisper. "I will tell you if you wish, Cornelia, but it is not a pleasant thing to hear. Richard Hare has returned."

Miss Carlyle looked perfectly aghast. "Richard Hare! Is he mad?"

"It is not a very sane proceeding. He wants money from his mother, and Mrs. Hare sent Barbara to ask me to manage it for her. No wonder poor Barbara was flurried and nervous, for there's danger on all sides."

"Is he at their house?"

"How could he be there, and his father in it? He is in hiding two or three miles off, disguised as a laborer, and will be at the Grove to-night to receive this money. I have invited the justices to get Mr. Hare safe away from his own house. If he saw Richard he would undoubtedly give him up to justice, and—putting graver considerations aside—that would be pleasant neither for you nor for me. To have a connection gibbeted for a wilful murder would be an ugly blot on the Carlyle escutcheon, Cornelia."

Miss Carlyle sat in silence revolving the news, a contraction on her ample brow.

"And now you know all, Cornelia, and I do beg you to leave me, for I am overwhelmed with work to-day."

CHAPTER VI.

RICHARD HARE, THE YOUNGER.

The bench of justices did not fail to keep their appointment; at seven o'clock they arrived at Miss Carlyle's, one following closely upon the heels of another. The reader may dissent from the expression "Miss Carlyle's," but it is the correct one, for the house was hers, not her brother's. Though it remained his home, as it had been in his father's time, the house was among the property bequeathed to Miss Carlyle.

Miss Carlyle chose to be present, in spite of the pipes and the smoke, and she was soon as deep in the discussion as the justices were. It was said in the town that she was as good a lawyer as her father had been; she undoubtedly possessed sound judgment in legal matters, and quick penetration. At eight o'clock a servant entered the room and addressed his master.

"Mr. Dill is asking to see you, sir."

Mr. Carlyle rose, and came back with an open note in his hand.

"I am sorry to find that I must leave you for half an hour; some important business has arisen, but I will be back as soon as I can."

"Who has sent for you?" immediately demanded Miss Corny.

He gave her a quiet look, which she interpreted into a warning not to question. "Mr. Dill is here, and will join you to talk the affair over," he said to his guests. "He knows the law better than I do; but I shall not be long."

He quitted his house, and walked with a rapid step toward the Grove. The moon was bright, as on the previous evening. After he had left the town behind him, and was passing the scattered villas already mentioned, he cast an involuntary glance at the wood, which rose behind them on his left hand. It was called Abbey Wood, from the circumstance that in old days an abbey had stood in its vicinity, all traces of which, save tradition, had passed away. There was one small house, or cottage, just within the wood, and in that cottage had occurred the murder for which Richard Hare's life was in jeopardy. It was no longer occupied, for nobody would rent it or live in it.

Mr. Carlyle opened the gate of the Grove, and glanced at the trees on either side of him, but he neither saw nor heard any signs of Richard's being concealed there. Barbara was at the window, looking out, and she came herself and opened the door to Mr. Carlyle.

"Mamma is in the most excited state," she whispered to him as he entered. "I know how it would be."

"Has he come yet?"

"I have no doubt of it; but he has made no signal."

Mrs. Hare, feverish and agitated, with a burning spot on her delicate cheeks, stood by the chair, not occupying it. Mr. Carlyle placed a pocket-book in her hands. "I have brought it chiefly in notes," he said; "they will be easier for him to carry than gold."

Mrs. Hare answered only by a look of gratitude, and clasped Mr. Carlyle's hand in both hers. "Archibald, I must see my boy; how can it be managed? Must I go into the garden to him, or may he come in here?"

"I think he might come in; you know how very bad the night air is for you. Are the servants much astir this evening?"

"Things seemed to have turned out quite kindly," spoke up Barbara. "It happens to be Anne's birthday, so mamma sent me just now into the kitchen with a cake and a bottle of wine, desiring them to drink her health. I shut the door, and told them to make themselves comfortable; that if we wanted anything we would ring."

"Then they are safe," observed Mr. Carlyle, "and Richard may come in."

"I will go and ascertain whether he is come," said Barbara.

"Stay where you are, Barbara; I will go myself," interposed Mr. Carlyle. "Have the door open, when you see us coming up the path."

Barbara gave a faint cry, and, trembling, clutched the arm of Mr. Carlyle. "There he is! See! standing out from the trees, just opposite this window."

Mr. Carlyle turned to Mrs. Hare. "I shall not bring him in immediately; for if I am to have an interview with him, it must be got over first, that I may go back home to the justices, and keep Mr. Hare all safe."

He proceeded on his way, gained the trees, and plunged into them; and, leaning against one, stood Richard Hare. Apart from his disguise, and the false and fierce black whiskers, he was a blue-eyed, fair, pleasant-looking young man, slight, and of middle height, and quite as yielding and gentle as his mother. In her, this mild yieldingness of disposition was rather a graceful quality; in Richard it was regarded as a contemptible misfortune. In his boyhood, he had been nicknamed Leafy Dick, and when a stranger inquired why, the answer was that, as a leaf was swayed by the wind, so he was swayed by everybody about him, never possessing a will of his own. In short, Richard Hare, though of an amiable and loving nature, was not overburdened with what the world calls brains. Brains he certainly had, but they were not sharp ones.

"Is my mother coming out to me?" asked Richard, after a few interchanged sentences with Mr. Carlyle.

"No. You are to go in-doors. Your father is away, and the servants are shut up in the kitchen and will not see you. Though if they did, they could never recognize you in that trim. A fine pair of whiskers, Richard."

"Let us go in, then. I am all in a twitter till I get away. Am I to have the money?"

"Yes, yes. But, Richard, your sister says you wish to disclose to me the true history of that lamentable night. You had better speak while we are here."

"It was Barbara herself wanted you to hear it. I think it of little moment. If the whole place heard the truth from me, it would do no good, for I should get no belief—not even from you."

"Try me, Richard, in as few words as possible."

"Well, there was a row at home about my going so much to Hallijohn's. The governor and my mother thought I went after Afy; perhaps I did, perhaps I didn't. Hallijohn had asked me to lend him my gun, and that evening, when I went to see Af—when I went to see some one—never mind—"

"Richard," interrupted Mr. Carlyle, "there's an old saying, and it is sound advice: 'Tell the whole truth to your lawyer and your doctor.' If I am to judge whether anything can be attempted for you, you must tell it to me; otherwise, I would rather hear nothing. It shall be sacred trust."

"Then, if I must, I must," returned the yielding Richard. "I did love the girl. I would have waited till I was my own master to make her my wife, though it had been for years and years. I could not do it, you know, in the face of my father's opposition."

"Your wife?" rejoined Mr. Carlyle, with some emphasis.

Richard looked surprised. "Why, you don't suppose I meant anything else! I wouldn't have been such a blackguard."

"Well, go on, Richard. Did she return your love?"

"I can't be certain. Sometimes I thought she did, sometimes not; she used to play and shuffle, and she liked too much to be with—him. I would think her capricious—telling me I must not come this evening, and I must not come the other; but I found out they were the evenings when she was expecting him. We were never there together."

"You forget that you have not indicated 'him' by any name, Richard. I am at fault."

Richard Hare bent forward till his black whiskers brushed Mr. Carlyle's shoulder. "It was that cursed Thorn."

Mr. Carlyle remembered the name Barbara had mentioned. "Who was Thorn? I never heard of him."

"Neither did anybody else, I expect, in West Lynne. He took precious good care of that. He lived some miles away, and used to come over in secret."

"Courting Afy?"

"Yes, he did come courting her," returned Richard, in a savage tone. "Distance was no barrier. He would come galloping over at dusk, tie his horse to a tree in the wood, and pass an hour or two with Afy. In the house, when her father was not at home; roaming about the wood with her, when he was."

"Come to the point, Richard—to the evening."

"Hallijohn's gun was out of order, and he requested the loan of mine. I had made an appointment with Afy to be at her house that evening and I went down after dinner, carrying the gun with me. My father called after me to know where I was going; I said, out with young Beauchamp, not caring to meet his opposition; and the lie told against me at the inquest. When I reached Hallijohn's, going the back way along the fields and through the wood-path, as I generally did go, Afy came out, all reserve, as she could be at times, and said she was unable to receive me then; that I must go back home. We had a few words about it, and as we were speaking, Locksley passed, and saw me with the gun in my hand; but it ended in my giving way. She could do just what she liked with me, for I loved the very ground she trod on. I gave her the gun, telling her it was loaded, and she took it in-doors, shutting me out. I did not go away; I had a suspicion that she had got Thorn there, though she denied it to me; and I hid myself in some trees near the house. Again Locksley came in view and saw me there, and called out to know why I was hiding. I shied farther off, and did not answer him—what were my private movements to him?—and that also told against me at the inquest. Not long afterward—twenty minutes, perhaps—I heard a shot, which seemed to be in the direction of the cottage. 'Somebody having a late pop at the partridges,' thought I; for the sun was then setting, and at the moment I saw Bethel emerge from the trees, and run in the direction of the cottage. That was the shot that killed Hallijohn."

There was a pause. Mr. Carlyle looked keenly at Richard Hare in the moonlight.

"Very soon, almost in the same minute, as it seemed, one came panting and tearing along the path leading from the cottage. It was Thorn. His appearance startled me; I had never seen a man show more utter terror. His face was livid, his eyes seemed starting, and his lips were drawn back from his teeth. Had I been a strong man, I should surely have attacked him. I was mad with jealousy; for I then saw that Afy had sent me away that she might entertain him."

"I thought you said this Thorn never came but at dusk?" observed Mr. Carlyle.

"I never knew him to do so until that evening. All I can say is, he was there then. He flew along swiftly, and I afterward heard the sound of his horse's hoofs galloping away. I wondered what was up, that he should look so scared, and scutter away as though the deuce was after him; I wondered whether he had quarrelled with Afy. I ran to the house, leaped up the two steps, and—Carlyle—I fell over the prostrate body of Hallijohn! He was lying just within, on the kitchen floor, dead. Blood was round about him, and my gun, just discharged, was thrown near. He had been shot in the side."

Richard stopped for breath. Mr. Carlyle did not speak.

"I called to Afy. No one answered. No one was in the lower room; and it seemed as if no one was in the upper. A sort of panic came over me—a fear. You know they always said at home I was a coward; I could not have remained another minute with that dead man, had it been to save my own life. I caught up the gun, and was making off, when—"

"Why did you catch up the gun?" interrupted Mr. Carlyle.

"Ideas pass through our minds quicker than we can speak them, especially in these sort of moments," was the reply of Richard Hare. "Some vague notion flashed on my brain that my gun ought not to be found near the murdered body of Hallijohn. I was flying from the door, I say, when Locksley emerged from the wood, full in view; and what possessed me I can't tell, but I did the worst thing I could do—flung the gun in-doors again, and got away, although Locksley called after me to stop."

"Nothing told so much against you as that," observed Mr. Carlyle. "Locksley deposed that he had seen you leave the cottage, gun in hand, apparently in great commotion; that the moment you saw him you hesitated, as from fear, flung back the gun and escaped."

Richard stamped his foot. "Aye; and all owing to my cursed cowardice. They had better have made a woman of me, and brought me up in petticoats. But let me go on. I came upon Bethel. He was standing in that half-circle where the trees have been cut. Now I knew that Bethel, if he had gone straight in the direction of the cottage, must have met Thorn quitting it. 'Did you encounter that hound?' I asked him. 'What hound?' returned Bethel. 'That fine fellow, that Thorn, who comes after Afy,' I answered, for I did not mind mentioning her name in my passion. 'I don't know any Thorn,' returned Bethel, 'and I didn't know anybody was after Afy but yourself.' 'Did you hear a shot?' I went on. 'Yes, I did,' he replied; 'I suppose it was Locksley, for he's about this evening.' 'And I saw you,' I continued, 'just in the moment the shot was fired, turn round the corner in the direction of Hallijohn's.' 'So I did,' he said, 'but only to strike into the wood a few paces up. What's your drift?' 'Did you not encounter Thorn, running from the cottage?' I persisted. 'I have encountered no one,' he said, 'and I don't believe anybody's about but ourselves and Locksley.' I quitted him, and came off," concluded Richard Hare. "He evidently had not seen Thorn, and knew nothing."

"And you decamped the same night, Richard; it was a fatal step."

"Yes, I was a fool. I thought I'd wait quiet, and see how things turned out; but you don't know all. Three or four hours later, I went to the cottage again, and I managed to get a minute's speech with Afy. I never shall forget it; before I could say a syllable she flew out at me, accusing me of being the murderer of her father, and she fell into hysterics out there on the grass. The noise brought people from the house—plenty were in it then—and I retreated. 'If she can think me guilty, the world will think me guilty,' was my argument; and that night I went right off, to stop in hiding for a day or two, till I saw my way clear. It never came clear; the coroner's inquest sat, and the verdict floored me forever. And Afy—but I won't curse her—fanned the flame against me, by denying that any one had been there that night. She had been at home, she said, and had strolled out at the back door, to the path that led from West Lynne, and was lingering there when she heard a shot. Five minutes afterward she returned to the house, and found Locksley standing over her dead father."

Mr. Carlyle remained silent, rapidly running over in his mind the chief points of Richard Hare's communication. "Four of you, as I understand it, were in the vicinity of the cottage that night, and from one or other the shot no doubt proceeded. You were at a distance, you say, Richard; Bethel, also, could not have been—"

"It was not Bethel who did it," interrupted Richard; "it was an impossibility. I saw him, as I tell you, in the same moment that the gun was fired."

"But now, where was Locksley?"

"It is equally impossible that it could have been Locksley. He was within my view at the time, at right angles from me, deep in the wood, away from the paths altogether. It was Thorn did the deed, beyond all doubt, and the verdict ought to have been wilful murder against him. Carlyle, I see you don't believe my story."

"What you say has startled me, and I must take time to consider whether I believe it or not," said Mr. Carlyle in his straightforward manner. "The most singular thing is, if you witnessed this Thorn's running from the cottage in the manner you describe, that you did not come forward and denounce him."

"I didn't do it because I was a fool, a weak coward, as I have been all my life," rejoined Richard. "I can't help it; it was born with me, and will go with me to my grave. What would my word have availed that it was Thorn, when there was nobody to corroborate it? and the discharged gun, mine, was a damnatory proof against me."

"Another thing strikes me as curious," cried Mr. Carlyle. "If this man, Thorn, was in the habit of coming to West Lynne, evening after evening, how was it that he was never observed. This is the first time I have heard any stranger's name mentioned in connection with the affair, or with Afy."

"Thorn chose by-roads, and he never came, save that once, but at dusk or dark. It was evident to me at the time that he was striving to do it on the secret. I told Afy so, and that it argued no good for her. You are not attaching credit to what I say, and it is only as I expected: nevertheless, I swear that I have related the facts. As surely as that we—I, Thorn, Afy, and Hallijohn—must one day meet together before our Maker, I have told you truth."

The words were solemn, their tone earnest, and Mr. Carlyle remained silent, his thoughts full.

"To what end else should I say this?" went on Richard. "It can do me no service; all the assertion I could put forth would not go a jot toward clearing me."

"No, it would not," assented Mr. Carlyle. "If ever you are cleared, it must be by proofs. But—I will keep my thought on the matter, and should anything arise—what sort of a man was this Thorn?"

"In age he might be three or four and twenty, tall and slender; an out-and-out aristocrat."

'And his connections? Where did he live?'

"I never knew. Afy, in her boasting way, would say he had to come from Swainson, a ten-mile ride."

"From Swainson!" quickly interrupted Mr. Carlyle. "Could it be one of the Thorns of Swainson?"

"None of the Thorns that I know. He was a totally different sort of man, with his perfumed hands, and his rings, and his dainty gloves. That he was an aristocrat I believe, but of bad taste and style, displaying a profusion of jewelry."

A half-smile flitted over Mr. Carlyle's face.

"Was it real, Richard?"

"It was. He would wear diamond shirt-studs, diamond rings, diamond pins; brilliants, all of the first water. My impression was, that he put them on to dazzle Afy. She told me once that she could be a grander lady, if she chose, than I could ever make her. 'A lady on the cross,' I answered, 'but never on the square.' Thorn was not a man to entertain honest intentions to one in the station of Afy Hallijohn; but girls are as simple as geese."

"By your description, it could not have been one of the Thorns of Swainson. Wealthy tradesmen, fathers of young families, short, stout, and heavy as Dutchmen, staid and most respectable. Very unlikely men are they, to run into an expedition of the sort."

"What expedition?" questioned Richard.

"The murder?"

"The riding after Afy. Richard, where is Afy?"

Richard Hare lifted his face in surprise.

"How should I know? I was just going to ask you."

Mr. Carlyle paused. He thought Richard's answer an evasive one.

"She disappeared immediately after the funeral; and it was thought—in short, Richard, the neighborhood gave her credit for having gone after and joined you."

"No! did they? what a pack of idiots! I have never seen or heard of her, Carlyle, since that unfortunate night. If she went after anybody, it was after Thorn."

"Was the man good-looking?"

"I suppose the world would call him so. Afy thought such an Adonis had never been coined, out of fable. He had shiny black hair and whiskers, dark eyes and handsome features. But his vain dandyism spoiled him; would you believe that his handkerchiefs were soaked in scent? They were of the finest cambric, silky as a hair, as fine as the one Barbara bought at Lynneborough and gave a guinea for; only hers had a wreath of embroidery around it."

Mr. Carlyle could ascertain no more particulars, and it was time Richard went in-doors. They proceeded up the path. "What a blessing it is the servants' windows don't look this way," shivered Richard, treading on Mr. Carlyle's heels. "If they should be looking out, up-stairs."

His apprehensions were groundless, and he entered unseen. Mr. Carlyle's part was over; he left the poor banned exile to his short interview with his hysterical and tearful mother, Richard nearly as hysterical as she, and made the best of his way home again, pondering over what he had heard.

The magistrates made a good evening of it, Mr. Carlyle entertaining them to supper—mutton chops, and bread and cheese. They took up their pipes for another whiff when the meal was over, but Miss Carlyle retired to bed; the smoke, to which she had not been accustomed since her father's death, had made her head ache and her eyes smart. About eleven they wished Mr. Carlyle good-night, and departed, but Mr. Dill, in obedience to a nod from his superior, remained.

"Sit down again a moment, Dill, I want to ask you a question. You are intimate with the Thorns of Swainson; do they happen to have any relative, a nephew or cousin, perhaps, a dandy young fellow?"

"I went over last Sunday fortnight to spend the day with young Jacob," was the answer of Mr. Dill, one wider from the point than he generally gave. Mr. Carlyle smiled.

"Young Jacob! He must be forty, I suppose."

"About that. But you and I estimate age differently, Mr. Archibald. They have no nephew; the old man never had but those two children, Jacob and Edward. Neither have they any cousin. Rich men they are growing now. Jacob has set up his carriage."

Mr. Carlyle mused, but he expected the answer for neither had he heard of the brothers Thorn, tanners, curriers, and leather dressers possessing a relative of the name. "Dill," said he, "something has arisen, which, in my mind, casts a doubt upon Richard Hare's guilt. I question whether he had anything to do with the murder."

Mr. Dill opened his eyes. "But his flight, Mr. Archibald? And his stopping away?"

"Suspicious circumstances, I grant; still I have good cause to doubt. At the time it happened, some dandy fellow used to come courting Afy Hallijohn in secret; a tall, slender man, as he is described to me, bearing the name of Thorn and living at Swainson. Could it have been one of the Thorn family?"

"Mr. Archibald!" remonstrated the old clerk; "as if those two respected gentlemen, with their wives and babies, would come sneaking after that faraway Afy!"

"No reflection on them," returned Mr. Carlyle. "This was a young man, three or four and twenty, a head taller than either. I thought it might be a relative."

"I have repeatedly heard them say that they are alone in the world; that they are the last two of the name. Depend upon it, it was nobody connected with them;" and wishing Mr. Carlyle good night, he departed.

The servant came in to remove the glasses and the obnoxious pipes. Mr. Carlyle sat in a brown study; presently he looked round at the man.

"Is Joyce gone to bed?"

"No, sir. She is just going."

"Send her here when you have taken away those things."

Joyce came in—the upper servant at Miss Carlyle's. She was of middle height, and would never see five and thirty again; her forehead was broad, her gray eyes were deeply set, and her face was pale. Altogether she was plain, but sensible looking. She was the half-sister of Afy Hallijohn.

"Shut the door, Joyce."

Joyce did as she was bid, came forward, and stood by the table.

"Have you ever heard from your sister, Joyce?" began Mr. Carlyle, somewhat abruptly.

"No, sir," was the reply. "I think it would be a wonder if I did hear."

"Why so?"

"If she could go off after Richard Hare, who had sent her father into his grave, she would be more likely to hide herself and her doings, than to proclaim them to me, sir."

"Who was that other, that fine gentleman, who came after her?"

The color mantled in Joyce's cheeks, and she dropped her voice.

"Sir! did you hear of him?"

"Not at the time. Since. He came from Swainson, did he not?"

"I believe so, sir. Afy never would say much about him. We did not agree upon the point. I said a person of his rank would do her no good; and Afy flew out when I spoke against him."

Mr. Carlyle caught her up. "His rank. What was his rank?"

"Afy bragged of his being next door to a lord; and he looked like it. I only saw him once; I had gone home early, and there sat him and Afy. His white hands were all glittering with rings, and his shirt was finished off with shining stones, where the buttons ought to be."

"Have you seen him since?"

"Never since, never but once; and I don't think I should know him if I did see him. He got up, sir, as soon as I went into the parlor, shook hands with Afy, and left. A fine, upright man he was, nearly as tall as you, sir, but very slim. Those soldiers always carry themselves well."

"How do you know he was a soldier?" quickly rejoined Mr. Carlyle.

"Afy told me so. 'The Captain,' she used to call him; but she said he was not a captain yet a while—the next grade to it, a—a—"

"Lieutenant?" suggested Mr. Carlyle.

"Yes, sir, that was it—Lieutenant Thorn."

"Joyce," said Mr. Carlyle, "has it never struck you that Afy is more likely to have followed Lieutenant Thorn than Richard Hare?"

"No, sir," answered Joyce; "I have felt certain always that she is with Richard Hare, and nothing can turn me from the belief. All West Lynne is convinced of it."

Mr. Carlyle did not attempt to "turn her from her belief." He dismissed her, and sat on still, revolving the case in all its bearings.

Richard Hare's short interview with his mother had soon terminated. It lasted but a quarter of an hour, both dreading interruption from the servants; and with a hundred pounds in his pocket, and desolation at his heart, the ill-fated young man once more quitted his childhood's home. Mrs. Hare and Barbara watched him steal down the path in the tell-tale moonlight, and gain the road, both feeling that those farewell kisses they had pressed upon his lips would not be renewed for years, and might not be forever.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 21.)

DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,

The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN FARMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAGGIE'S ESCAPE.

Maggie had been forcibly carried below by her captor, and the door of the cabin locked upon her. Not, however, before she had seen her lover emerge from the water and be drawn into the boat by his friends.

The poor girl was overcome with misery at her unfortunate lot, and vented her grief in a flood of tears.

To be so near rescue, to see her lover struggling for her release, and then to be suddenly thrown back into the depths of captivity, was a bitter cup for her lips, unaccustomed, as she had been all her life to sorrow or pain.

Her tears did her good. They relieved her brain of the tension of excitement that was a chief cause of her distress. She grew calmer, and as she did so the spirit of the girl of the frontier rose again within her. Indignation succeeded misery. A more intense hatred of her captor followed this new injury that he had done her, and the desire of escape and hope of revenge grew equally prominent in her mind.

There were small windows at the back part of the cabin through which she could see the progress of the chase.

With eyes fixed on the Dart she sat looking back through the heaving waters to where it came gallantly on, shooting across the waves like a living thing. From her position it seemed to be rapidly gaining. But as time passed and the distance appeared the same her hopes changed again to fears.

When the yacht tacked, the friendly boat was lost to her vision, but she continued to look eagerly out over the waters in hopes of again seeing it.

With surprise and intense excitement then she saw it suddenly reappear in almost touching distance of the yacht, saw a man in the bow catch the latter vessel with a boat-hook, which was instantly drawn from his hands, and saw the boat pass astern, just out of reaching distance. The disappointed and maddened look of Rob was plainly visible to her eyes.

Tom thrown back from hope into a despair that was almost unbearable, the poor girl suffered agony for a few minutes, as much for the evident pain and distress which she had read in her lover's face, as for her own sad fortune.

She was not suffered to remain long in this solitary grief. The door of the cabin was opened and Gillespie descended, shutting the door behind him.

"Come, my dear Maggie," he said, as he flung himself heavily into a seat near her, "ain't it near time you was getting over this sort of thing? I don't see no use in your worrying yourself about that Rob Gordon. He ain't worth so much salt water as you're wasting on him."

This insolent depreciation of her lover roused Maggie from her depression into an anger of which her eyes and voice alike were full.

"You villain!" she exclaimed, with face crimsoned with indignation. "Is it not enough that you have stolen me from my home, and subjected me to a dozen indignities, but you must now come here to insult me in my helplessness? You think to escape the vengeance of the man to whom you would not dare to speak as you have to me; you think to triumph in your evil purpose. Know, sir, that God will not suffer such crime to go unpunished; and that men are on your track who will follow you to the end, and will surely take revenge for the injury you have done me. Tremble, villain! you have had your hour of triumph, but the wrong shall not much longer succeed."

"Well done, gal," he cried, with a coarse laugh. "That's as purty a speech as I've listened to for a year. But now that you've spun it out, don't you think it's about time that you was coming to your senses? There's no use, as I can see, to keep on playing the fool this way. I hope you don't think I'm a fellar as is going back on anything I buckle on to? If I'd a known you was a-going to give me such a deuced bother, hang me if I'd touched you. But you're mine now, Maggie, and there's no let up on it. You'd best get this fellar out of your head, for you're going to be hitched to a better man."

"Not to you, then, for there is not a more villainous wretch in the country!" she cried, her eyes flashing anger. "You fancy you have but a girl to deal with, and that you can insult me as you please. Take care lest you find that a forest girl is a match for a dozen such reptiles as yourself. If you dare insult me again, you must bear the consequences."

"And what'll they be, gal?" he asked, still laughing. "Not love taps I reckon, or you wouldn't be so riled about it. You're putting this on, Maggie, and you might as well let up on that time. I don't mean you a bit of harm. I marked you out because you was just the gal for my fancy. I've a sneaking liking for you, Maggie, and am just going to make you the happiest young lady in these diggings. There's them I could name, that would give their eyes for the chance of being Tom Gillespie's wife; and I don't see no use in your making such a dence of a bother about it."

"I would rather be wife to your master, Satan, himself, than to such a base, despicable wretch as you have proved yourself!" she cried, in a tone of bitter scorn. "Leave me, sir! Insult me no longer with your presence! The very sight of you has grown so hateful to me, that you can do me no worse injury than to remain in my presence."

"Look here, gal," exclaimed Gillespie, rising angrily to his feet. "I'll be shot if this ain't spreading it on too thick. A feller might think that I was the prisoner the way you are laying down the law. Don't rile me, my young lady. Maybe you don't just consider that I'm boss in this cabin, and that if you cut too much agin the grain, you may find it a poor paying business."

"I defy you, villain!" she answered, rising and confronting him. "I may seem a weak, defenceless girl, but I fear you not, and if you dare lay hands on me again, you may find that Maggie Campbell is not the person to be insulted with impunity."

"I wonder what Maggie Campbell would do," he said, sneeringly, "scratch my eyes out, maybe. Come, gal, I don't mean you no sort of harm. Let's just shake hands on this talk, and be good friends agin."

He approached with extended hand. Maggie stood erect and motionless, but her eyes blazed with a fire that awed him despite his brutal courage. He stopped irresolutely and let his hand fall.

"This is about the biggest fuss about nothing that I ever seen," he said. "I took you for a gal of better sense, but it's natural for the wimmen to be contrary. I'll just let you alone for a bit, so as you kin come to your wits. There's a trifle of work for me on deck. I reckon on your being more reasonable when I step down to see you agin."

With an insolent leer the villain turned and proceeded to the deck, awed by her bold bearing, despite himself.

She stood motionless till he had disappeared, then sank back into her chair, overcome with the reaction from the excitement.

Again the yacht tacked, almost within reaching distance of the Dart. Again she bent her course northward through the yielding waters, leaving her pursuer behind her.

And the night came down, shrouding forest and river in its sable folds. The twilight soon faded into darkness. The shore became so like the river in hue as to be hardly distinguishable from the deck of the yacht, even when close at hand.

Yet she sped on as if heedless of the danger. Her crew seemed so fully acquainted with that part of the river as to be able to direct their course safely through the deepest gloom.

After an hour or more of this perilous navigation the vessel was brought to, near the eastern shore, her anchor dropped, and her sail let fall.

But the anchor cable was so arranged that it could be slipped at a moment's notice, and it would have been but the work of another minute to set again the loosened sail. The boat was but resting on her wings, ready to spread them again and fly at the command of the vigilant sentinels upon her deck.

But alert as they were a circumstance had occurred while they were occupied in bringing the boat to anchor, which had escaped their attention, important as it was to their leading spirit.

A gliding form had some time before slipped upon deck from the cabin, through the door which Gillespie had neglected to lock.

Crouching down by the bulwarks it had remained unobserved, and when the boat

was brought to, the anchor dropped, and the helmsman went forward to assist in the disposition of the sail, it glided back to the low stern, where a small boat floated fastened by a rope to the larger craft.

But a minute was occupied in drawing this boat close under the stern of the yacht, and with a noiseless and agile motion the lithe figure descended into the tiny craft.

The next instant the rope was severed by a sharp knife, and the boat and its silent occupant floated away on the swift current, hidden from view by the night, and utterly unsuspected by the villainous crew from whom their prisoner was thus escaping.

Two hours afterward this boat was intercepted by the Dart, then just starting out from Brownstown on her midnight errand.

But it was empty. Its late occupant had vanished under the cover of the shrouding darkness. Nor did its present captors dream of all that was signified by the waif that had floated into their hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT THE CAMP FIRE.

More kicks than halfpence were dealt to the reclining negro, who had been fit to diversify his duty as a sentinel by taking a nap.

Never was slumber more rudely disturbed. He sprang to his feet with a comical look of astonishment and terror, rubbing his woolly pate as if trying to dispel the remnants of sleep that clung to the roots of his hair.

"How is this, you infernal rascal!" cried Baldwin, angrily. "What are you doing here asleep, and where's all the rest of them, you black villain?"

"Sure's you live, massa, I dunno," exclaimed the frightened negro.

"You don't know," said Crockett, in a milder tone. "Come, boy, gather your wits a bit, and tell us what's up. How come you to be left here, and the others to make tracks?"

"They left me here to wait for you."

"And you thought you'd take a nap, eh?"

"The nap jess kind o' took me, Massa Crockett. I couldn' help it, swar I couldn'. I'm a sleepy-headed nig, I s'pose."

"I think so. But where are the rest of them?"

"Mose seed somethin', over thar, inter the bush; what it were I dunno. They streaked out, Massa, and left me here."

"And a clear-headed sentinel they left. They mought as well have left that pine log. Did any men come out of the bush, down the run?"

"Dey jess didn't. I'se ready to swar to that."

"But Mose saw something and led the others away?" asked Baldwin.

"Dat's how I tuk it. Fess, though, I were jess floatered out."

"You soggy-headed villain, ain't twelve hours a night sleep enough for you? For a little I'd cure you of sleep for the next month."

"Come, Ben, you're too hard on the boy," said Crockett. "If you keep playing with the sledge-hammer on his wits, you'll skeer every bit of sense out of his brains."

"Mighty little loss it would be to him," growled Baldwin.

"Which way did Mose go?" asked Crockett.

"Dat way," said the black, pointing west along the thicket. "I kep a lookin' at 'em till dey got down thar whar de bush stops. Den dey went up hill, and dat's eb'ry blessed bit I knows 'bout it."

"You didn't see any men on the hill, above the bush?"

"Up dat-a-way, you mean?"

"Yes."

"No, sah, der weren't nobody dare."

"This business seems strange," said Baldwin. "If there was nothing in sight, what could have taken off Mose and the others?"

"There might have been a buffalo in sight, and this fellow would not have seen a hair," said Gordon.

"Just so, Ned. I thought Ben Baldwin was calling him a numscull a minute ago."

"That's a fact, said Baldwin. I am a fool for trusting in his eyesight."

"Here, boy, you git," cried Crockett, to the bewildered black. "Jist trot round Sugar Hill as fast as your flat-boats can sail, and if you go to sleep on the road, I'll wake you up with a rattlesnake. You'll find some of your color t'other side the hill. Tell them they can make tracks home. Git, now; let's see what stuff you're made of."

The slave, as if glad of the opportunity to escape from the confusing battery of questions with which he had been assaulted, stepped out with remarkable briskness, making strides that did the work of three ordinary steps.

"You don't want them any more, then," asked Baldwin.

"No. The gang's out of the hill, and there's no use watching the cage after the bird's flown."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. They've seen our guards, and have struck out by some path they've got up hill. Mose has sighted them and he's after them. Leastways that's my reckoning. Hold hard here a minit. I'll skoot up the hill with the dog, and look for sign."

Without waiting for an answer Crockett strode off, whistling the dog to his heels.

While they were waiting anxiously for some signal of his success, Ned Gordon took the opportunity to divest himself of the disguise he had worn, washing the dye from his face and hair so far as it would yield. The discoveries they had made in the work-room of the counterfeiters had obviated the necessity of further disguise on his part, either to escape the officers or to deceive his foes.

Most of the men present had begun to suspect who he was, through partial revelations made during their passage through the cave. He was now fully recognized by several who had formerly known him, and an animated scene of hand-shaking and questioning succeeded.

This was brought to an end by a shrill whistle from up the hill, and looking up they saw Crockett beckoning to them.

They hastened to respond, following the same route which he had taken, skirting the thicket till able to pass round its southern extremity into the open wood that occupied the upper portion of the hill.

Crockett was now visible near its summit and they made directly toward him. He was walking on, with his eyes fixed on the ground, but slowly, so that they were able to overtake him before he had much passed the apex of the hill.

The dog was running before him, seemingly anxious to lead off rapidly, but restrained by his voice.

"What's up?" cried Baldwin, as they approached. "Have you found signs of our counterfeiting friends?"

"Yes," was the reply. "They're out of the cave, sure enough. It's not easy to make out their tracks, for Mose and his party have trotted up here, and made a path like the straggliers of an army. But I'll go a coon that they've took to the woods."

"What are we to do then?" asked Gordon, "follow on their trail, or let the dog lead the way?"

"It won't work," answered Crockett. "There's several p'ints we've got to look into here. There's no time to spare, that's first. And for making out the trail of three or four men over twenty miles of hard bottom woods, we're not Injuns enough for that. What's next, we can't trust the dog. You see we're going west, across the Shakes. Now there's varmint there as thick as leaves on the trees; bar and catamount, and coon, and coyote, and it'll be a bit too much for Whirlwind's vartue. He's no bloodhound breed. He can scent humans if there's no game; but let him strike a bar track and he'll take us straight on a hunt for four-footed varmint."

"That looks reasonable, Davy," said Gordon. "But that's only one side of the case, and you are never without two sides. What plan have you got laid out?"

"Why it looks this way to me. These critters know what they're about. They're travelling old ground for them, and they'll strike straight as a die for the spot they're after. It's my notion that they reckon to make the banks of the Mississippi. They don't calkerlate that we'll get out of the cave easy, and so they'll not double on their track. If we get their course once we can strike a bee line."

"Have you seen any mark that you can trust?" asked Baldwin. "Something that will make you sure they're out of the cave?"

"Yes, I've got here a bit of wad paper that some of them's dropped. It's not the stuff the niggers use for wad. You see they've put their noses out and spied Baldwin's boys on guard, and they've seed that the game was up, that the cave was known to outsiders as well as insiders, and if we didn't git out soon the country would be raised. Under sich sarcumstances there was only one thing open for them, and that was to give up their hole in the rock and make tracks out of a risky neighborhood."

While thus conversing they were rapidly following the track of the negroes, who had left an unmistakable path. For a mile they continued on this track, running directly west.

"I didn't give my boys credit for such sharp eyes," said Baldwin. "I am something of a hunter, but I would have been adrift before this."

"You don't reckon they're following the trail?" asked Crockett, in a surprised tone.

"I don't know how else they could make such headway," replied Baldwin.

"If they were scouting for possum now that mought be, but they couldn't have made ten steps on the track we're after."

"How do you explain their progress, then?"

"Look at their steps in this bit of soft ground." As he spoke, they crossed a stream with somewhat miry banks. "Every step's a yard long. They were at a run. Fact is, Ben, your boys were hunting by sight, not by scent. See here! the runaways have crossed here. At full speed, too."

"How can you tell their steps from the niggers'?" asked Baldwin.

"Don't you see the shape of the boot? That's city-worked leather. Three or four of them has passed. Here Mose has stopped and examined their track."

"Then he must have lost sight of them," said Gordon.

"Jist so. They've outrun him. He's following from this spot on a venture. That won't last long. A mile further will bring them up."

He was right in his opinion. They had gone less than a mile when they met the negroes returning, at a slow pace and with failure written on their faces.

Their adventures were related with an abundant flow of words, confirming Crockett's opinion in every particular. They had seen a man peep out of the bushes, one of them had made at him with a weapon, and he had dodged back again.

Mose had then gone some distance back into the wood, where he could command a general view of the thicket. His watch was rewarded after a short time by seeing three men emerge from the bushes on the hillside and proceed with great caution into the woods.

Satisfied that they were the men wanted, he had left one of his party as sentinel and followed with the remainder.

The fugitives, not fearing immediate pursuit, had moved leisurely, and they had sighted them on the western slope of the hill. There had been a sharp chase, the fugitives running like deer. They had lost sight of them, but had seen their tracks at the stream, and pushed straight on for two or three miles further.

But in vain. The fugitives had given them the slip.

"How far ahead ought they to be?" asked Crockett.

"'Bout six or eight mile, 'cording to my notion," said Mose. "We sort o' took our time comin' back."

"Crept like snails, I bet," said their master, "or stopped for a possum hunt," as he noticed a small animal hanging over the shoulders of a negro, who was making wild efforts to hide it. "You had best be getting home. You were not cut out for work of this kind."

"That's true, Ben," said Crockett. "And we'd best be gitting on. Delays is dangerous. We're right so far, and we'll go ahead. They've struck for the river, and that's what we'll strike for. There's no chance to git them afore they reach water. There will be a dew to-night, and if we can't hit the trail agin, the scent will lay heavy for Whirlwind."

"To-night?"

"Yes. It'll be pitch dark afore we're within five miles of the river. We'll have to build a fire and camp out."

"And the gang we are after?"

"I'm afeard they'll touch the bank by dark. It's like they'll strike for Brownstown, and bunk there. But mebbe not. They mought have plans to git off by water. Fact is they've got a start that's going to bother us a bit. But if you're with me, I'll grab them, if it takes a month."

There was a general chorus of assent to his remark. The most of these men were hunters, great part of whose life was spent in the forest, and to whom it was nothing new to spend the night in the woods, or to be long absent from home.

Crockett was right. They were yet several miles distant from the river when the darkness became so deep, and the difficulties of the way so great, that it was decided to come to a halt, and prepare for spending the night.

A cheerful fire was soon kindled, and wood collected to keep it replenished through the night. The night air was chilly enough to make the warm blaze feel comfortable. They had taken good care to provide themselves with game on the way, out of the abundant stores of the forest.

This was soon cooking over the blazing fire, and they enjoyed their game supper with a zest which can only be felt by those who have to shoot their supper before they can cook it.

Their day's adventures had not alone added an edge to appetite, but had tired them sufficiently to make sleep a boon that would not long desert their eyelids.

Yet some of these men were tough as pine knots, and long after the most of the party had fallen asleep, Crockett and a few others sat talking. Ned Gordon did credit to his early training by forming one of these, showing a vigor equal to that of any of the party.

A desultory conversation whiled away an hour or two, Davy declaring that he "didn't b'lieve in shetting his eyes on a hearty supper. It weren't healthy to eat without time to digest."

"Didn't I never tell you about the last time I was down to the Mississip?" he asked.

"No," was the general response. "Let us hear it."

"It ain't often I git down so far," he said, "and that time I were out of sorts. I had old Bet with me, but there weren't no game. She hadn't spoke out all day, and I found myself on the river bank afore I knowed it. You kin bet I was mad. I felt wolfish about the head and ears, and as if I'd spile if I weren't kivered up in salt. Long as I couldn't get a hug from a bar, I jist felt like having a fight anyhow, with any critter, from a catamount to a man. Well what should I see but a flat-boat floating down stream close up to shore, and a rough-looking customer in the stern, fast asleep.

"'Hallo, stranger!' I let out, 'look out the boat don't run away with you.'

"The fellow come to as if I'd stuck a pin in him.

"'I don't value you,' he said, looking up kinder sassy. The fight begun to work out at my finger nails then, and I looked down slantindicular at him. He looked up slantindicular at me. He took out a chaw.

"'I don't value you that,' he says.

"'Come ashore and I'll whip you,' says I.

"Well, boys, the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a chicken, and I ris up, shook my mane, and neighed like a horse. At it we went, nip and tug. The critter was smart, but he wasn't bait for me. His mighty soon yelled enough, and swore I was a ripstaver. Says I—

"'Ain't I the yaller flower of the forest? I'm all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis. I've got the cleanest rifle, the best coon dog, the biggest knife, the roughest-racking hoss, and can fool more varmints, and cool out more men than any two of my weight in Tennessee.'

"That weren't a bad blow, but I was in the humor to have my own fun out of the fellow.

"'Who are you anyhow?' he asked.

"'I'm that same Davy Crockett,' said I, 'half-horse, half-alligator, and a little touched with the snapping turtle. I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride a streak of lightning, and slip without a scratch down a honey locust. I can whip my weight in wild cats, and hug a bar till it squeals. I'm running for Congress, and I'm open for votes.'

"'You've got mine, and I wish I had six to give you,' said the fellow, "and away he floated down the river agin, and I'll bet there weren't no man at the polls put in a heavier ticket for Davy Crockett."

This characteristic story—told in a peculiar idiom which the colonel used in his story-telling mood, and which greatly added to its effect—was laughed at heartily, and roused the others to a succession of comical narrations. It was two hours after supper before they finally addressed themselves to sleep, leaving Gordon, who had volunteered to take the first watch, on guard of the camp. Whirlwind coiled himself up with the rest, and was soon fast asleep at his master's feet.

It was now about nine o'clock. The forest around was deathly still. Only the crackling of the fire broke the silence, and the deep breathing of the sleeping men.

Afar off in the woods could be heard the occasional cry of some bird of night. The scream of the panther, too, was heard once or twice in the far distance; that sound that makes the blood of the belated wanderer curdle in his veins, and hasten from the vicinity of the dreaded beast.

Beyond these the scene was unusually quiet, the ordinary night voices of the forest seeming to be stilled. The feeling of awe, and a thrilling sense of the sublimity of his surroundings, came upon the sentinel, as the slow minutes of the night crept on, and the effect of the gloom and the silence grew more oppressive.

The moon had now risen, however, sufficiently high for her light to penetrate the canopy of leaves and slightly dispel the overhanging gloom.

As the lamp of night rode higher in the heavens, its light came through the leaves in fuller volume, and it became possible to see for some distance down the long aisles of tree trunks.

For some time a peculiar sound had met the ears of the sentinel. With the utmost heedfulness he had listened, moving slightly out of the circle of light, and keeping his weapon in readiness, while with keen glances he sought to read the secret of the surrounding forest.

For a considerable time this continued, a sound so low that only the general silence permitted it to become audible.

He failed, however, to see anything. He was suddenly startled by a new sound, a sort of stifled cry, and a peculiar thrashing noise among the bushes. He caught a glimpse, too, of a dim object, so far off as to be barely visible, and speedily moving out of sight.

There was certainly something going on outside which it was his duty to inquire into.

Rousing one of the men, and telling him his purpose, he left this man on guard in his place, and struck out into the wood in the direction of the object he had seen.

It was no longer visible, though he penetrated the forest to some distance beyond the place where he had observed it.

Pausing again and listening intently, he heard the same peculiar sound to his right. He had evidently gone in the wrong direction.

Taking a new course he continued to follow the sound, pausing at intervals and listening, but failing to come within sight of the object of his pursuit.

The leaves here were so thick that but a very dim light could go through. It was impossible to see for any distance through the wood, and the obstacles to free passage were much increased by the gloom, so that his movements were very slow.

He had gone more than half a mile in this manner, a half hour being consumed in the cautious passage, when the faint glimmer of a fire broke upon his observant eyes.

He now advanced more rapidly, but still with caution, until within a short distance of this light. Concealing himself behind trees, he advanced with the most extreme care, gliding from tree to tree with all the willness of the trained savage.

He was thus some time in getting sufficiently close to the illuminated spot to plainly observe its character. He had half expected, since first seeing it, to find the fugitives in camp there, imagining that they might have been delayed, and not got much further than his own party.

At length he reached a position in plain view of the fire, and, to his surprise, perceived that no person was in sight. It was a camp fire of logs, which had burned down and lay smouldering, with sudden fits of blaze as a passing breath of air touched it.

It was surrounded by high grass, broken down in places as if figures had lain recumbent upon it. For ten minutes the watcher continued motionless, not knowing but that the occupants of the bivouac might return. At the end of that time he ventured into the circle of the light.

Looking heedfully around, it was not long before his glance rested upon something which startled him. It was a small portion of a woman's dress, apparently torn off as if by the action of violent hands.

The thought at once came to his mind of the woman whom his brother was seeking to rescue. What if she had just been where he now stood, in the hands of her captors? What if she were being borne off into continued captivity, almost before his eyes?

Looking at the priming of his rifle, he stepped out again into the night, in the direction opposite that which he had come, and again began his search of the forest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM PAN TO FIRE.

When Maggie Campbell floated away into the dense gloom of the night, it was with a feeling of hope and joyfulness that made full amends for all the unpleasantness of her position.

Her prison lay behind her. Death was, to her mind, preferable to the fate she had escaped. Thus the utmost peril she could fear from her present situation was less to her than that from which she had escaped.

But she had no serious dread of peril. She was no longer helpless. Her fate lay in her own hands, and she was too well versed in the lessons of emergency not to be able to take care of herself.

For some time she sat in perfect silence, while the boat floated away on the swift current, until a considerable distance separated her from her prison.

She was now in a thrilling position. The moon had just risen, but its light was veiled by a bank of clouds, and a midnight darkness enveloped her. She could not even see the dark waters over which she was rapidly drifting, and only their gurgling and purling sound told her of their presence.

She might have been miles away from land, for all any sound indicated to the contrary. Her position was one to try the nerves of the strongest, floating she knew not whither, through utter silence and darkness, save the low, ominous sound of the water.

For some few minutes, indeed, a sense of fright did come upon her, and she sat trembling as in the presence of some deadly peril. But this mood was soon thrown off. Feeling carefully in the bottom of the boat, she discovered a pair of oars with which it was provided. She understood perfectly well how to use these, and in a moment had them out and in the rowlocks.

A question filled her mind as she thus prepared to change the direction of the boat. Should she seek the eastern shore, where perhaps her foes were already searching for her, or the more distant but safer western bank?

But to reach this latter the whole breadth of the river had to be crossed, through she knew not what dangers. It was, besides, but thinly settled, and she might incur the greatest perils in seeking for shelter.

The woods were fearful to her at this hour of the night, through her dread of the wild beasts that might be abroad. But she knew that Brownstown was not far below her on the eastern bank. She had friends in this town, and determined to seek it, despite the danger of being recaptured which she incurred.

She accordingly turned the prow of the boat eastward, and rowed with all her strength across the swift current which she had to combat. For some time she continued to row thus, at a loss to know what progress she was making, or at what distance the land yet lay.

The moon had now found a thin spot in the clouds, and was shedding a faint lustre on the surface of the waters, which gladdened her eyes after their long striving with the darkness.

Looking round, it was to behold with joy a dark, cloud-like mass, at no great distance in front. She knew at once that it was the forest she saw, looming darkly above the shadowy plain of the waters.

A few strong strokes more and the prow of the boat grated on the beach, at a spot where the water was deep enough for her to step ashore without wetting her feet. She lost no time in doing so, and impulsively gave the boat a push with her foot that sent it out into the edge of the current again.

She did this under the fear that if the boat remained in contact with the shore, it might be the means of putting her pursuers on her path, and aid them in their efforts to recapture her.

For a few minutes she stood irresolute and fearful on the bank of the river. Before her rose the forest, a dark, close wall, full of unseen terrors, signified to her in the vague sounds which now came from its gloomy aisles. Behind her ran the river, from whose equal dangers she had just escaped. Her best course seemed to be to follow the bank toward Brownstown, which could not be more than a mile or two distant.

But then again her foes would be likely to seek her on this route, and her dread of them was far greater than that of the wild beasts of the forest. This final consideration decided her. Every moment where she stood was dangerous. They might be even now approaching, and almost in sight of her.

With a quick impulse she fled into the silent embrace of the woods, heedless of their perils, at thought of the dreaded fate from which she was escaping.

The forest was here rather open, and sufficient light made its way to the surface to render her passage somewhat easy. As she penetrated further into the woods, however, the trees grew closer, and the occasional thickets of undergowth which she met obliged her to make several detours.

It was not long then before she had utterly lost all sense of direction and was wandering aimlessly onward. She was not aware of this, however, and fancied that she was still approaching Brownstown, though in reality she was making her way almost directly back into the woods.

The wild beasts which she imagined would be abroad in numbers, and for fear of which she trembled at every call of an insect or fall of a twig, failed to make their appearance, and she grew more assured as she proceeded.

This dread was no imputation upon her courage. Brought up on the frontier, she knew well the savage character of many of the brute inmates of the forest, and had heard many a tale of peril and death to hardy hunters from their fierce foes.

Night was the prowling time of these tree-haunting savages, and to be thus alone in the forest depths at this late hour, gave her full reason for the natural fear which had affected her.

She had now wandered on for a full hour, at her utmost speed, and should, had her calculations been correct, have reached her destination before this.

She began to fear that she had missed the true direction, and the dreadful thought came in overwhelming force upon her that she was lost in the heart of the forest, in the gloom of night, and without hope of shelter or relief until the morning light should break. Could she hope to escape the peril of the beasts through all the long hours of the night?

She wandered on, irresolutely and more slowly, trembling in every limb with the fears that would intrude. The thought came upon her to turn and seek the river again. But it was quickly followed by the disheartening thought that she had lost all idea of the direction of the river. She might be even now moving toward it, or might be moving away from it. She might even be roaming in a circle, as she had heard of lost wanderers doing.

A bitter regret now came upon her that she had so thoughtlessly left the boat, and not continued in it, with the chance of seeing Brownstown from the water.

Suddenly all these cogitations were put to flight. It was not the moonlight, that faint glow that beamed from the wood before her? No, it was too strong and ruddy for the silvery rays of the moon.

For some time past she had proceeded almost blindly, the moon being overclouded. But here was a beacon light that gave assurance to her steps.

She moved hastily toward the glow without a thought of anything but the shelter and relief it promised. But this was simply the action of impulse. Her steps became slower as she drew nearer the light, and found it to proceed from a fire that threw its ruddy light far down the forest aisles.

How knew she who had kindled this flame? She might be too precipitate in fancying that she was approaching a camp of honest hunters. It might indeed be the very foes she feared, or lawless beings yet more to be dreaded than those from whom she had escaped.

She paused at a considerable distance from the flame, striving to make out the figures which she could dimly see surrounding it. Step by step she advanced, with the greatest caution, yet she could not avoid a slight rustle of the leaves of the bushes, or the crack of an occasional twig.

She paused again, still too far distant to make out any of the reclining figures, or for the single upright form to be plainly distinguishable from the tree against which he leaned.

For five minutes she stood thus oblivious to everything but the object of her scrutiny, ignorant of the fact that she had a companion in her eager observation, or that this unseen person was stealthily approaching her.

Her first awaking to a sense of this companionship was a startling one. It was caused by a thong, dropped lasso-like over her head, and drawn tight, confining her arms to her side.

Her natural impulse to scream was repressed by the folds of a thick handkerchief, which were drawn hastily over her mouth, and tied deftly behind her head.

All this had been so quick and unexpected that she was a helpless prisoner ere she had hardly time to think of resistance. As before, she felt herself lifted in the arms of a stalwart man, who bore her hastily away from the spot.

Despite the sickening sense of fear and hopelessness that came upon her, at this recapture by her old foe, as she deemed it, her senses were upon the alert. The camp she had watched had taken the alarm. Sounds of pursuit were upon the air.

Ere long a faint light was again visible. In a minute more she was borne into the presence of two men, who stood beside a smouldering fire.

Looking now at her captor, it was with a sense of surprise, not unmingled with relief, that she saw that she was in the power of a stranger, not of her old oppressor. None of these men had she ever seen before.

A few words in a low tone passed between the men, after which, without a word to her, her new abductor took her by the arm, one of his companions grasping her other arm, forcing her, between them, to walk rapidly onward.

Again into the forest and the darkness, but now under what distressing circumstances. The heart of the poor girl sank within her till it seemed to her as if the sun of hope had forever set.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 23.)

☞ It is not work that kills men, it's worry. Work is healthy, you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices.—*Beecher.*

☞ A woman at Fort Lamarie has sued a paper for saying that she has murdered three husbands, when the fact is she hasn't murdered but two, the third one getting away with a broken rib. There is nothing like being accurate when dealing with such grave matters.

☞ A remarkable man, claiming to be the Messiah, has recently appeared in Arabia, where his fame has spread far and wide. He came forth from the desert, where he spent many years mortifying the flesh, and he pretends to work wonders and perform miracles, and give the evidence of his divine mission.

☞ RELIEF. — A Pennsylvania practitioner of medicine has a Partingtonian patient. He asked her, recently, if she had experienced any relief in the night. She said she had. First the relief was in one shoulder, and then in the other, and then 'peared to settle in her back, but she put a mustard plaster between her shoulders, and the relief left her, and now she felt better.

☞ The French government acting on the recommendation of the Committee on Fortifications, has determined to keep for the next five years 5000 pairs of carrier pigeons for breeding purposes in war time. Each fortress will have a military pigeon house, and each pigeon house will contain 1000 birds. Two general stations will be established, at each of which 60,000 pigeons will be kept. The German fortresses at Metz and Strasburg have been for a year past connected with other German forts by a system of carrier pigeons.

☞ Hogg, the Kttrick Shepherd, happened to be seated at dinner next to a daughter of Sir William Dryadale. She was a charming young lady—unaffected, affable, and clever. To some remark which he made, she replied, "You're a funny man, Mr. Hogg;" to which he instantly rejoined, "And ye're a nice lassie, Miss Dryadale. Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine—ye're not of the bundle."

☞ We have been informed that a pair of lovers will sit up half the night and not burn as much kerosene as the family uses in an hour during the evening.

☞ Doctor—"I am pleased to say, Mrs. Fitzbrowne, that I shall be able to vaccinate your baby from a very healthy child of your neighbor, Mrs. Jones." "Oh, dear, doctor, I could not permit that. We do not care to be mixed up with the Joneses in any way."

Indigestion's Martyrs.—Half the diseases of the human family spring from a disordered stomach, and may be prevented by invigorating and toning that abused and neglected organ with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Let it be borne in mind that the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the muscles, the ligaments, the bones, the nerves, the integuments, are all renewed and nourished by the blood, and that the digestive organs are the grand alembic in which the materials of the vital fluid are prepared. When the stomach fails to provide healthful nourishment for its dependencies they necessarily suffer, and the ultimate result, if the evil is not arrested, will be chronic and probably fatal disease somewhere. It may be developed in the kidneys in the form of diabetes, in the liver as congestion, in the muscles as rheumatism, in the nerves as paralysis, in the integuments as scrotula. Remember, however, that each and all of these consequences of indigestion may be prevented by the timely and regular use of that sovereign antidote to dyspepsia, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

INTERESTING TO INVALID LADIES.

HARLEMVILLE, Columbia Co., N. Y., July 9, 1873.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:

Dear Sir—Your favor is just received. I intended to have written to you several weeks since concerning the improvement in my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Prescription with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use (for a short time only). I took it under very disadvantageous circumstances—having the supervision of the house and during the season of "house cleaning." I was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, of course, suffered dreadfully, lifted when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring "order out of chaos,"—but upon laying aside all cares and continuing the remedy, I find after using less than one bottle to be so much benefited that I have discontinued the use, with no return of the symptoms of which I wrote you. I have suffered terribly and what added to my distress was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources, at times it seemed about impossible to stand so great was the distress. All of those severe neuralgic pains have disappeared, they were so bad at times I could hardly walk without some external pressure. They seem to have left me like magic, suddenly, and have had no return; all other symptoms have been removed. The severe weakness and faintness have disappeared, and I can go upstairs with comparative ease now. I would have informed you ere this of my improvement, for I appreciated it, but I was fearful it was only transient benefit I was receiving, but I think sufficient time has elapsed to consider the beneficial results permanent. Accept of my best wishes for your future success and your kindness in advising me.

Very truly, MRS. M. NETTIE SNYDER.

Liberality of Physicians.—It has always been said that physicians would disparage any remedy, however valuable, which they did not originate themselves. This has been disproved by their liberal course toward Dr. J. C. AYER'S preparations. They have adopted them into general use in their practice, which shows a willingness to countenance articles that have intrinsic merits which deserve their attention. This does the learned profession great credit and effectually contradicts the prevalent erroneous notion that their opposition to proprietary remedies is based in their interest to discard them. We have always had confidence in the honorable motives of our medical men, and are glad to find it sustained by the liberal welcome they accord to such remedies as AYER & CO.'S inimitable remedies, even though they are not ordered in the books, but are made known to the people through the newspapers.—*New Orleans Delta.*

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

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Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

We call attention to the advertisement of a double-cylinder Press. It is a very good press for regular work, being the one upon which this paper was printed until a few years back. We should have continued to use it, only the necessity of very careful work on our large engravings, rendered the single cylinder preferable. For a paper that does not use large engravings, and has a tolerably large circulation, a double-cylinder is the best that can be used.

CHILD'S NURSES.

In a daily paper lately appeared the following advertisement:

"Wanted—A woman of culture and refinement, to have the care of children."

Whether the children have lost their mother, or only require more attention than she can give, we are glad to see the truth recognized that one who has the care of children ought to be the mother's equal. It is one of the saddest sights to see the little ones entrusted, as they so often are, to "half-grown girls," or to full-grown incapables of the greenest, roughest kind; callous creatures without thought or feeling for their precious charge, who will push the perambulator at dizzy speed, and then let it stand at a cold, windy corner, awaiting their own caprice, and then drop it off the curb-stone with a reckless thump that shocks the baby through and through, often causing spinal disease, that ruins its life; all this in the regular course of things, not to speak of accidental falls from careless handling, that result in sudden death from brain fever, or the death in life of lingering deformity. Strange that the mother, sitting at home embroidering, perhaps, can delude herself with the fiction that baby is cared for, when any stranger in the street, glancing at the so-called child's nurse, sees at once her unworthiness and the child's danger. It really seems as if the paying of wages was considered a warrant for faithful service—a kind of charm that lulls the parent's heart and conscience into a false security, as she hands her treasure over to such fearful risks.

All through the tender years of childhood the "woman of culture and refinement" is wanted. Any care-taker less capable wrongs the young immortal. Ah, if the children born into this fair world could have their rights, straightway would come the Millennium. An immense "if!" But it is something to recognize their right to the best that can be done for them. Such pathetic faces one may see among the little ones given over to the tender mercies of the average child's nurse! Pleading eyes, "with a solemn query in them"—beautiful soft eyes that would melt a heart of stone, and tremulous lips uttering not a word, but eloquent with the infinite appeal of helpless innocence, one may see lifted to the cold, indifferent face of the hireling who is pulling them rudely along. What is it to her that they are tired, or sick, or reluctant? that her strong, rough grasp almost, sometimes entirely puts the small arm out of joint? that the sensitive little heart swells and the tears start at all this wrong, and suffering? She has her own affairs to think of. The friend she is hurrying to have a chat with, lives at a distance in some dirty court, and she can hardly accomplish the visit in the time given to the child's airing; or she catches a glimpse of Patrick at the next corner, and what is the panting distress of her "cry-baby" incumbrance compared with the dear delight of a passing flirtation?

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

It ought to, and it would, if infancy were felt to be the sacred thing it is, worth all the sacrifices it calls for; if the trouble and expense and inconvenience of the little mortal did not hide the angel from us—make us forget that

"Trailing clouds of glory do they come,
From God, who is their home."

Often they return home very soon, called back to the loving Father. Then, indeed, the white wings of the cherub shine heavenly fair as they vanish, to be seen by mortal eyes nevermore. And through the rift in the cloud they have flown through, pours down upon the earthly home they have left such a flood of light as makes all things plain. What would not the lonely mother give for a day, an hour of that irrevocable past that seemed so tedious, so commonplace, so wearisome in its passing! How her aching heart yearns vainly to recall the little span of life, when, entertaining an angel unaware, many things were done and many left undone, which alike pierce her through with remorse. Yet her transgressions and shortcomings are common to tender, faithful mothers everywhere. Every day they are going on, avoidable and unavoidable, but all unheeded until death sums up the account, and it is finished.

"Too late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late!"

If a little of this light, so awful in its full revealings, were given while it is not yet too late, how gladly would the mother devote herself to her darling, how empty and tame would seem the pleasures, how trifling the pains, how easily overcome the obstacles, that stand in the way of her whole duty! Think you she would not be her own child's nurse, at least until the "woman of culture and refinement" could be found? "A good, faithful Christian" would describe more comprehensively what is wanted for a mother's substitute. Happy for her if she can contrive to delegate any and every other work, and keep her nearest and dearest for herself. Often it is no fault of hers that she cannot. Necessities press and clamor. In the "Storm and Drang" of the busy world are so many

TIRED MOTHERS.

"A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

"But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.

"And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.
And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And never would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then:

"I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging at their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

"If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head:
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!"

S. P.

JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.

It was a labor of love for Josephine to improve and embellish the buildings and the grounds of Malmaison, and she had full permission to exercise her taste and judgment as she deemed best. On his return from Egypt the First Consul found the whole place rejuvenated and blossoming "as the rose." The broad, neglected esplanade behind the chateau had been decorated with rare shrubs and parterres of flowers. Little streams of water rising in the high and nobly wooded hill on the left wound picturesquely through the lawn among the flowers and emptied in laughing cascades into the beautiful lake, which was adorned with statuary, and peopled with gay flamingoes and black swans. The park, under the skilful hands selected and directed by Josephine, became the rival of Blenheim and Windsor, and even surpassed them in some respects. Its animals, both wild and tame, were left free to roam where they pleased.

Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, must have been enchanted by the inexhaustible surprises of rustic pavilions, kiosks, airy bridges, shady arbors, gurgling streams, miniature waterfalls and lakes peopled with rare aquatic birds that rose continually before him as if by enchantment, as arm in arm with Josephine, whom he then passionately loved, he sauntered for the first time through the broad avenues or winding odorous paths of the splendid grounds. Everything conspired to render the hour supreme, for whether his expedition had been a blessing or a curse to France, his name was on every tongue, and his ear still retained the music of the pealing bells and the joyful acclamations that had greeted his arrival at Paris.

Important, if True.

At last the spirit mediums are relinquishing the diverting but unprofitable tippings and rappings with which they have so long solely concerned themselves, and are turning their superior knowledge to practical account. Mr. Delong, our late representative in Japan, was recently induced to visit Foster in San Francisco, and although he entered the presence of the medium prepared to doubt and scoff, he remained, if not to pray, at least to give thanks. For Mr. Foster had a message for Mr. Delong's wife from that lady's dead father, informing her that before his death he had entrusted to one Thomas Madden a large sum of money for investment, which had not been accounted for to his executors. Mrs. Delong remembered that her father had had business dealings with Mr. Madden, and consequently she, in company with her husband, called on that gentleman and asked him if there was not some unsettled business between himself and the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden promptly said there was; that they had purchased a tract of land together, and that their interest was still undivided, and he furthermore explained that he had made no return to the executors because he supposed they were content to let the property stand as an investment. Mrs. Delong thought, however, that a settlement had better be effected at once, and the accommodating Mr. Madden thereupon gave her a deed of a parcel of real estate, for which he offered an equivalent in cash of $18,000. Mr. Delong asserts that neither he nor his wife know anything about Foster until a friend invited him to visit the medium; that Foster could have known nothing about his family affairs, and that but for the spirit revelation his wife would be poorer by $18,000 than she is to-day.—*Exchange.*

The Great Cuttle-Fish.

The stories of the enormous cuttle-fish off the coast of North America, which have been generally considered fabulous, have received confirmation in what appears to be a truthful report from St. Johns, to the effect that some fishermen encountered a marine monster while out in a boat, which, on being struck with a "gaff," threw out two long arms across the boat. These were promptly severed, however, and the animal, a huge squid, backed off very hastily. The severed portion of the arm, being about nineteen feet in length, was brought into St. Johns, the entire length being estimated at thirty-five feet. Portions of his arm have been sent to the Natural History Museum of Montreal, and also to Professor Agassiz's museum, in Cambridge. The length of the body was thought to have been about forty feet.

An Apt Rejoinder.

In —— dwells a well-known man named Jim Haines. Seated one afternoon in his office, with

"Fragrant and serene cigar
Proved satisfactory betwixt his lips,"

he was greeted by a Quaker man, who asked, "Is friend James Haines within?"

"I'm Jim Haines," was the gruff reply.

"Art thou agent of the —— Insurance Company?"

"I was agent."

"Canst thou inform me as to the present condition of the company? Did it lose much by the Boston fire?"

"All smashed up and gone to ——."

"Then saidst thou wert its agent?"

"I did."

"Well, judging by thy speech, I think it likely thou wilt continue to be its agent in its new locality! Farewell."

FREE PLATFORM.

PREFACE.

We commence this week the experiment of a Free Platform, for the expression of Free Thought on general questions. We already have an article in favor of Prohibitory Liquor Laws, and one on the opposite side of the subject. Next week we expect to have the discussion continued.

We would inculcate on all who may send us articles for this part of the paper, the necessity of courtesy toward opponents. Let their words be as soft and mild, and their reasoning and facts as compact and strong as possible. Let them remember that the wisest of men differ—and that the object of all in argument should be the promotion of the Truth, not a mere selfish victory for the side you happen to be on.

Of course this Free Platform is an experiment, which we may find perhaps both unpopular and impracticable. Of course if we do, we shall hold ourselves at perfect liberty to discontinue it at any time. THE EDITORS.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Feeling a great interest in the cause of Temperance, I am willing to lead off in this discussion. At the same time I wish it understood that the moment one of the well-known and recognized Champions of the Cause will undertake to fill my place, I will yield it with the greatest pleasure.

In the first place, in opening the discussion, let me assert the necessity of vigilance and continued effort on the part of the friends of the Temperance cause. Its enemies are alert, watchful and aggressive, and its friends should be also.

There must be no faltering in this great work of driving from the land the giant SIN OF INTEMPERANCE, parent of more evils than come from any other source. The warfare must go on at every point; every effective weapon must be used against the upholders of the wretched traffic that has so cursed our country. The work was commenced experimentally, but its progress has been, and still must be, systematic. In the struggle we have been educated—the work itself does that; each stage prepares us for the next. We have not triumphed—we do not expect to triumph until yet bitterer battles have been fought—but we are in nowise discouraged, least of all dismayed. We are contending with an evil, whose attitude has become that of an Institution, founded on the four corners of Appetite and Prejudice, Interest and Law. Once it stood defiant on the field, triumphing over the instincts of humanity, the teachings of religion, and the promptings of our better nature. *Now* the citadel is no longer the proud and impregnable fortress it assumed to be. It has not fallen, it is true, but we have proven that at points it can be successfully assailed. The Bastile of a tyranny worse than any of a political character, it shall fall at last, and "great shall be the fall thereof."

The chief object of the Temperance Reformation is to educate on this point the moral sense of the whole population, so that as speedily as possible Intemperance, with all that produces and sustains it, shall be regarded and treated as a crime. This, from the beginning, has been the real import of our work. The progress we make is slow—that we confess—but it is sure and encouraging. With the mighty and corrupting influences of the present evils of Intemperance to strive against, it is not to be wondered at that in some of its aspects the good cause we advocate shows not so bright as we would have it. But when we look into the heart of things we are reassured. Moreover, Law, that so long was almost wholly on the enemy's side, is coming to our aid. Moral means—the formation of a broad, general and enlightened public sentiment—are our chief hope; but we do not intend to forego the use of all others. The sentiment from which we hope so much is corrupted in its growth by the foulness already engendered by the presence of the evil we combat. We seek to shut off this agency in a degree, and therefore we call for PROHIBITION—for LEGAL PROHIBITION—of the unrighteous traffic whereby the strength of our adversaries is maintained. While we are laboring to purify the fountains of life, a constant stream of corruption is poured in. We intend to shut off this flow.

PROHIBITION BY LAW has been and still is our demand. In many instances we have obtained it, and the results, we claim, are grand and good. It will be said that the success attending the operation of such measures does not warrant the claim we have made. But our attempts thus far have only been introductory. Assuredly we shall not rest in these indirect methods of legislation. It has doubtless been wise to approach the question of law experimentally, until it shall have matured itself in the popular mind. No plan could have secured this so well as that which we have been trying, by submitting the fate of the Traffic, town by town, district by district, to the suffrages of the people.

But our aim is further than this. It is to secure as speedily as possible direct legislation against the traffic in intoxicating drinks, not only locally but universally. The point of the wedge has entered, and we intend to drive the whole weight of the iron home. Hard blows must be struck, we know.

It only remains to consider now the plausible objection, that while the popular mind is yet so divided and unsettled, it is premature to attempt so much. Wait, we are told, until you are strong enough to carry and keep a perfect Law. Wait until this moral want shall have become the undoubted will of the people, and they shall have made up their minds so clearly that there shall be none of this painful fluctuation and uncertainty.

We cannot wait—we ought not to wait. To wait until the work of right legislation shall be easy would be to wait forever. For while we delay the Traffic increases its activity and holds us back.

We do not look for the perfect operation of Law in the suppression and extermination of the evil of intemperance; no law was ever so honored as that. There is an inherent impossibility that new Law should at once have all the force and easy applicability of that which is old. Conditions, especially when fortified by prejudices, are hard to change.

But we see the good that has been done, and we see the good that may be done by securing Law as our ally in the war upon Intemperance, and we are the more resolved that its aid shall be further secured.

Therefore, regarding Prohibition both as a principle and a duty, we advocate its extension, in the faith that we are doing a good work—one in which we cannot falter if we would consider the best interests of humanity. Our cry then is—"Prohibition in every form, by law and by moral force, for there can be no compromise with the giant evil of the age—Intemperance!"

TEMPERANCE.

MORAL SUASION.

MR. EDITOR:—In response to the foregoing article on "Temperance and Prohibition," which has been shown to me in the manuscript, I wish to make a few remarks.

I profess to be as warm a friend of real Temperance as the gentleman who signs himself "Temperance."

The only difference between us is, that I think Prohibitory laws really do not aid the cause of Temperance; and that I believe moreover there are other important things to be promoted besides simply total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. I think that even if it could be proved that Prohibitory laws did work efficiently in preventing the sale of liquors, that that alone would not decide the question. The effect of such laws upon morality in other respects, and upon the general welfare of society, must also be taken into account. To look merely on the matter from the Temperance point of view, seems to me the one-eyed act of a fanatic.

For instance, if Prohibitory laws succeed in lessening the sales of liquor, and making the business of selling it disreputable, and yet, at the same time, set a precedent which applied to other matters would overthrow all that is most valuable in the idea of Freedom—thus saving us from intemperance and other faults by making slaves of us—then the good we get from them may be purchased at too large a price.

Again. If the effect of such laws is to breed up a vast generation of informers and Paul Prys on the one hand, and sneaks, liars and perjurers on the other—then even an increased degree of Temperance may be purchased at too serious a cost.

And if the effect of Prohibitory laws be not really to decrease Intemperance, but to increase it, by enlisting the inborn love of Personal Freedom, and the natural indignation against interference with one's right to eat and drink what he thinks best, on the side of Drinking, then we really have gained nothing even in the direction of Temperance, to counterbalance the other moral evils of which I have spoken.

Of course there are Fanatics who can see Temperance, and nothing else—to whom a great increase of Prying, Tattling, general Busy-bodying, Sneaking, Lying and Perjury seem to be of no account whatever, so that a few gallons less of beer or whisky are sold. But certainly the mass of intelligent people cannot be of the number.

I think I may almost take for granted, that Prohibitory laws always, in the endeavor to enforce them, produce a large growth of the mean and contemptible moral evils I have named. The friends of Temperance take to peeping and spying into their neighbors' doings, and said neighbors take to sneaking, lying, and sometimes perjury to baffle them. Ought not Christian moral-reformers to have some doubt of instrumentalities which produce such results? Men do not gather such mischievous briars and thorns from the grace of God.

The greatest triumphs of the Temperance cause have been made by simple appeals to the moral and religious emotions of men, and to their plain common sense. In fact, about all that has been gained, has been gained in that way. There has been a wonderful change in the drinking practices of society both in Great Britain and the United States, within the last fifty years, brought about in this way alone. English gentlemen do not drink themselves under the table, as formerly. In Ireland, Father Mathew made not only temperate men, but total abstinents by the tens of thousands, simply through what the Prohibitory law-advocates seem now to consider "the *foolishness* of preaching." As to Scotland, an unwise Prohibitory law is said to have turned a nation of beer-drinkers into a nation of whisky-drinkers. And we may add here, that one of the worst effects of Prohibitory laws is just this. For beer is bulky and requires to be drawn fresh; while whisky can be carried about in small flasks, and does not spoil. So that the effect is to discourage the use of the comparatively harmless fermented beer, and supplant it with the more fiery and dangerous distilled liquors.

There is one good that comes from the liquor traffic which a recent debate in Congress forces upon our attention—and that is the revenue derived therefrom. Liquor pays about $60,000,000 a year to the support of the government. As the interest on the national debt is $40,000,000—it pays that and $20,000,000 over.

If it were not for this revenue, we should have to raise that large amount by taxing tea and coffee, and re-establishing a heavy income tax. Now those who use liquor, either as a beverage or medicine, or in their manufactures, pay this—and of course the Total Abstinence people escape it almost entirely, as a reward of virtue. When our Temperance orators are making up those terrible columns of statistics, showing the expense entailed by intemperance upon the country, they generally forget to put this little amount of $60,000,000 on the other side of the account—thus forgetting the old maxim which says that we should give even the devil his due. But enough for the present. When my opponent has shown that I am mistaken in the above views, I will try my hand at another article. A Temperance man, but NO FANATIC.

A Queer Story.

A queer and almost unbelievable story comes from Indianapolis. It is said that a prominent member of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city was recently called upon by two children, who, by a story of a dead mother and a home destitute of fire and wood, awakened his sympathies. Accompanying them to their home, appearances corroborated their story—a coffin, containing what the gentleman supposed to be the figure of a woman, prepared for burial, adding to the gloom of the poverty-stricken tenement. He gave the children a five dollar bill with some loose change, and promising to make some further arrangement for their comfort, left the place. Returning to say something to the children which subsequently occurred to him, he was astonished to find the woman, whom he had supposed dead, sitting up in the coffin counting the money the imposture had gained.

Curious Brain Stimulant.

It is related that Goethe called on Schiller one day, and not finding him at home, seated himself at his friend's table to note down various matters. He was soon seized with a strange indisposition, from which he nearly fainted, but finding it proceeded from a dreadful odor, he traced it to a drawer, which he found full of decayed apples. He stepped out of the room to inhale the fresh air, when he met the wife of Schiller, who said her husband kept the drawer always filled with rotten apples, because the scent was so beneficial to him that he could not think or work without it.

GROWING UP.

Oh, to keep them still around us, baby darlings, fresh and pure,
"Mother's" smile their pleasures crowning, "mother's" kiss their sorrows cure;
Oh, to keep the warm touches, sunny curls, and radiant eyes,
Pattering feet, and eager prattle—all young life's lost Paradise!

One bright head above the other, tiny hands that clung and clasped,
Little forms, that close enfolding, all of Love's best gifts were grasped;
Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing round the winter hearth,
Bidding all the bright world color with their fearless, careless mirth.

Oh, to keep them; how they gladdened all the path from day to day,
What gay dreams we fashioned of them, as in rosy sleep they lay;
How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling thought was hailed,
As each bark went floating seaward, love-bedecked and fancy-sailed!

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our clinging hold,
Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burgeon; lo! the shy sweet buds unfold;
Fast to lip, and cheek, and tresses steals the maiden's bashful joy;
Fast the frank bold man's assertion tones the accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in other shape than ours
Those young hands will seize their weapons, build their castles, plant their flowers;
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we trained to see;
Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears the main,
Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never glows again;
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure the links are rent;
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober bloom content.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—Some of the blunders made by printers are exceedingly funny, and as we happen to be familiar with a few of the most amusing that ever were perpetrated, we shall give them here. A few years ago, in an editorial written for a daily paper in this city, we happened to use the phrase: "Do not cast your pearls before swine." When the proof came down-stairs the compositor had made it read: "Do not cart your pills before sunrise."

Upon another occasion an allusion to a certain man as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State," appeared in print as "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state." Perhaps that burgher was not mad when he saw the paper. As bad a one was that perpetrated upon the poet who wrote of a lover who "kissed her under the silent stars," but was made by the printer to assert that the lover "kicked her under the cellar stairs." Once upon a time we wrote a poem in which we mentioned that "a comet swept o'er the heavens with its trailing skirt;" and only a careful reading of the proof prevented that poem from going into the paper with the statement that "a count slept in the haymow in a tailless shirt." This did not cause any trouble, but the reporter who intended to say in his description, that there were eight young ladies attending the bride, and was made to say that "she was waited on by tight bridesmaids," was subsequently pursued and flogged by the indignant brothers of the ladies in question.

One of the stupidest blunders with which we are familiar was made on the daily paper to which we have already alluded. A Paris letter received in the office contained this sentence:

"The city was hung with beautiful spring garlands, and on Sunday the sight in the Bois de Boulogne was one of those which for popular enjoyment and pleasure can scarcely be equalled save among the French people."

This is the way the compositor made it read:

"The city was hung with beautiful spring parlors, and on Sunday the night in the Bois de Boulogne was one of them; which for popular enjoyment and paints can scrape to excellence, was among the French people."

There is a kind of hopeless and awful imbecility about this which is simply dreadful. But the most infamous blunder we ever heard of was that which mutilated a poem in which the following lines occurred:

"His wearied bones he on the sunny slope reclined;
And as he lay the goat at day went down the hills behind."

The poet is believed to have lost his reason when he found that the lines were changed in print to this:

"The Widow Jones on Sunday in slops inclined,
And on that day she got away and left the pills behind."

It is believed that this was perpetrated by the same compositor, who when an editor asked in an editorial "Where are the dead, the vanished dead?" made the whole thing ridiculous by putting the question in this form: "Where are the dead, the *garnished* dead?"

—Mrs. Battles suffers from cold feet, and the other night she warmed up a brick, intending to take it to bed with her. She laid it down by the bedside while she attended to the baby, and then she forgot about it and turned in. After awhile Battles came over to the room, and when he had assumed his night shirt, he began to say his prayers. When he was about half way through he happened to move his knee a little to the left, and it came in contact with the hot brick. For an instant he thought something had stung him, and jumping up, he got the lamp and came back to ascertain what it was. He saw the brick lying there, but it never occurred to him that that was the cause of the trouble, so he picked it up for the purpose of throwing it out of the window. Then he suddenly dropped it with a cry of pain, and after an indignant denunciation of Mrs. Battles, he procured a piece of paper, and in a furious rage hurled the brick through the window sash. It hit a policeman who happened to be standing on the pavement below, and in less than ten minutes Battles was on his way to the station-house, where he was locked up all night upon a charge of assault and battery. He was released in the morning after paying twenty dollars fine. He has not finished his prayers yet, and Mrs. Battles now warms her feet with a flannel petticoat.

—A spiritualist journal in Chicago contains the advertisement of a medium, Mrs. Robinson, who informs the afflicted that she will tell the name of a disease and cure it, if a sick person will send her a lock of his hair by letter. Now we don't refuse to believe that Robinson can do this. We are able to believe anything, but we want to know more about it. Suppose a man has rheumatism and corns, can Mrs. Robinson detect them both in one bunch of hair? Or suppose he is deranged and bilious, will the spirits give her medicine for both diseases, or only for one? And what is a bald-headed man going to do? Can she discover his disease by going into a trance over his wig? Or if a man has measles when he sends his hair, and he is afterward attacked by chills and fever, can she discern the latter? If the man should die before his hair reaches her, would the medicine do any good? And if a man cut off some of his hair and put it away before he got bald, and after baldness came he should have cramp cholic, would that hair tell Mrs. Robinson about it? We are anxious about these things, and we are equally eager to know whether, if we sent Robinson some hair from a parlor sofa, she could tell if the springs were broken or the legs demoralized.

—We learn from an exchange that "oysters weighing three pounds and ten inches are found near Tampa, Florida." This realizes one of our most cherished hopes. For years we have yearned for an oyster that weighed ten inches. We shall be perfectly happy now if we can find an oyster that is three pounds in length, and which measures half a peck in circumference; and can discover another oyster that stands on its hind legs and and barks when you offer it something to eat. We wait for that oyster with impatience.

—We learn from an exchange that "The Legislature of Massachusetts has lately passed a law making it necessary that a dozen eggs weigh one and one-half pounds." We approve of this. The hens have too long had their own way in this business of laying eggs, and they have constantly defrauded the public. It is high time this outrageous monopoly was crushed, and we are glad that the Legislature of Massachusetts is going to do it. If free American citizens are to be imposed upon with impunity by debauched and corrupt chickens, the government for which William Penn fought and John Hancock died, is a disgraceful failure. Hereafter Massachusetts hens will either have to lay two-ounce eggs or emigrate. The people will submit to their tyranny no longer. They have borne the yolk until it has become unendurable. They denounce present prices for present eggs as eggstortion, and hens they demanded a reform with the determination to draw up this chicken bill and pullet through the legislature.

Success.

There are a great many kinds of success. One man devotes the whole of his life to the amassing of wealth. He aims at the miser's success. He wants money and he gets it. In order to get it he gives up his family. Nothing in the household is so dear to him as money. For the sake of money he gives up friendship, and high and honorable intercourse, and public-spiritedness, and generosity, and liberality. He gives himself up to money making and money saving. And when he has become rich there is for him no honor that comes from public spirit, no pleasure that friendship affords, and no joy of the family. His better feelings are all dried up, and he stands like a mummy in a king's tomb in Egypt. With his money-bags and priceless jewels around him, he is bandaged in his own success, behind which he is forever grinning. There is many a rich mummy, and there are many live monkeys that go past him and wish they were just like him—young men who do not know how to look inside and see what is the reality and secret of life. I am ashamed of men who thus slander human nature.

Other men seek pleasure-success. They say: "My life is keyed to pleasure, and I mean to have it." If they seek it as the end and aim of their lives, they will probably get it; but they will get nothing else.

Others seek power-success, and still others praise-success; and they may gain the success which they seek, but they will lose other things.

Whatever men seek they may have; but they must have it with its limitations, with its results, and with its bearings upon their eternal destiny.

Happiness.

Lord Derby said a good thing, when he wrote: "Whether I am happy or unhappy is not my chief affair; what most and first concerns me is to find my work in life, to recognize it, and to do it." The "pursuit of happiness" is an old phrase, but a delusive one. We are told that we all have a right to pursue this object of all men's desire—yes, and we have all a right to chase shadows, but shall we ever catch them? Butterflies and blessings have swift wings to evade us, when we pursue them with too anxious haste. It is a question whether any man who looked upon his own happiness as his chief end in life has ever attained it. Happiness is not a plant which grows by care, by digging about it, and watering it. If you find it at all, it is by chance—a blossom by the way, whose unexpected fragrance makes you pause to think how sweet it is. Work for noble ends—for man's good and God's glory—and in your work you shall find joy. But work for yourself alone—for fame, or pleasure, or individual prosperity—and your disappointment is sure. You can never be crowned with so full a measure of success as will satisfy you—the something beyond will elude and torment you forever. An old German philosopher finds the secret of all joy in renunciation. When you learn to do without superfluities, then any fresh acquisition becomes a luxury, and you are gladdened by it before you know it. When to work is the end, and to enjoy the accident, we shall find a heart's-ease in every hedge-row.

Void Marriages.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in the case of Lyndon vs. Lyndon, will attract a good deal of attention in legal circles. A brief statement of the case will refresh the memory of our readers. Lyndon was a man of middle age, or, perhaps, a little under, employed by Col. Hancock, of this city, as a coachman. His duties brought him into contact with the daughter of his employer, a young lady of 15 or 16, whom he finally persuaded to marry him. The ceremony was performed, immediately after which the young lady repented and returned to her home, confessing the marriage and desiring to be absolved from it. She never lived with Lyndon afterward, and was not seen by him. Finally, the lady brought an action to set aside the marriage. It was proven that she was under the legal age, and it was contended that she could not, therefore, contract marriage without her father's consent. It was also shown that Lyndon, in obtaining the license, swore that the girl was 18, thereby committing perjury. The plaintiff insisted by reason of these facts, that the marriage should be set aside. The court held differently, however, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court. It will, no doubt, surprise many to learn that the latter tribunal have reversed the decision below, and have decided that under such circumstances a marriage is a nullity. The court say that the case is unique, the only one bearing any resemblance being found in the Texas reports. That there are cases, however, involving the principles of this one, can hardly be doubted.

TO HELEN.

Thy face, with drowsy eyes
That dream the dash of love
Thy yellow hair above—
The exquisite surprise
Of head so natal bright
How lovely is the sight!

Sweet music fills my ears,
The dance is all around,
Amidst the light and sound
Thy voice my spirit hears,
No tenderer than tune
From viol and bassoon.

It is the light divine
Of youth upon our hearts
That gives these dreams, that parts
Thine from the world, and mine:
That almost maketh me,
Helen, to worship thee. A. P.

THE SEA OF FIRE;

OR,

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAWKS AND A DOVE.

While the chase proceeded in the water, a well-manned boat had shot from the shore toward the Gloria. The boat, from its appearance, evidently belonged to the steamer. Its occupants had not been uninterested spectators of the exciting scene in the river. Distance and the semi-obscurity of even a moonlight night prevented them from fully understanding the motives of the actors, and it was not until Antonio had almost reached Burleigh that one of the officers in the boat noticed that the latter supported a woman.

"It's a chase and not a race as we first supposed," he said. "See! that delilish-looking red-skin is gaining! There's a knife between his teeth."

"The red-skin is a splendid swimmer," said another. "The other fellow is getting exhausted. By Jove! the Indian has him."

"No, he hasn't. The white has struck ahead!"

"I say, messmates," cried a stalwart, jolly-looking sailor, who held an oar, "I ain't a-goin' to see a white man and woman scalped by that darned red-skin. Let's go and put a stop to it."

"You're right, Tom Wood!" cried several others.

The order was given. The oars moved in unison, and the boat shot within a yard of Ross Burleigh just as his pursuer, uplifting himself half out of the water, raised his knife. The weapon descended into the water with sufficient force to have cloven Burleigh's skull had he not eluded the blow by an agile spring. In the twinkling of an eye, he was hauled into the boat by half a dozen hands. The Indian attempted to follow him, but the hostile movements of Tom Wood's oar kept him at a respectable distance. He swam around the boat uttering fearful imprecations and gnashing his teeth; but the sailors were resolute in preventing him from following Burleigh into the boat.

"Dog of a pale-face!" he exclaimed, in a voice fraught with the expression of a baffled rage. "We shall meet again—and when we meet again you shall meet death. Until then—farewell!"

He waved his hands toward the boat, and his lips moved as if with the utterance of a curse. Then he swam toward the shore.

"I'd give a pound of tobacco to have the pleasure of knockin' that infernal varmint on the head," said Tom Wood. "I say, you new-comer, where's that gal?"

Burleigh, confused by the question, hesitated.

"Tom Wood, lend a hand here," said a clear, ringing voice. It proceeded from a young man who was bending over the side of the boat. Tom Wood obeyed with activity.

"By gosh!" he exclaimed, "the gal's just come up!"

He assisted the young man in raising some object from the river. Between them, they gently laid it in the bottom of the boat. It was the senseless form of Inez de Vastro. Her face was beautiful even in its pallor. Her head drooped forward like a lily on its broken stem. On her pale forehead, where the dripping hair fell away, a purple bruise was visible.

"Pretty dear!" muttered Tom Wood, his voice becoming suspiciously tremulous. "Poor, pretty dear! I'd like to have the grind n' of that red rascal's bones to powder. Wouldn't I gr-r-r-ind? Oh, no!"

"We'd better take her to shore. There may be life in her," said Felix Brierwood, looking down at the exquisite face, so piteously white. He had never moved his eyes from her since he had lifted her from the water. He turned to Burleigh, and asked in his frank, straightforward way, "Is she a relation of yours?"

"She is my wife," answered Burleigh, raising his eyes boldly to those of his questioner.

This answer seemed to disconcert Felix Brierwood. The serene, white face of the girl at his feet had stirred a new feeling in his heart. He turned away now, feeling as if something vague and bright had deserted him. When he looked round again, Burleigh was still eyeing him. Their glances met, expressing on Burleigh's part triumphant defiance; on Brierwood's distrust.

Tom Wood, with immense difficulty—seeming as if he were drawing a bucket from a deep well—pulled out an immense silver watch. He took the crystal from its saucer-like face, and held it over Inez's mouth and nostrils.

"There's life yet, my hearties," he pronounced, "for there's breath, and where there's breath there's life, and when there's life there's hope. That's a real medical dogmeses. Ain't that so?"

Nobody disputed Tom's assertion, and he took off his heavy jacket, which he wore in the warmest weather, and tenderly covered the girl with it.

"I say," stranger," he called out, addressing Burleigh, "where are you bound for? We ain't got no time to lose as I take it. D'ye want to be put ashore, or is that canoe off yonder yours?"

"I intend to take passage in the Gloria," answered Burleigh; and he anticipated any questions by saying, "I will explain all that is necessary to be explained to the captain, if you will be kind enough to introduce me to him."

"He is not here," answered the officer in charge of the boat. "Captain Durivage is on board the steamer."

Burleigh had guessed that already. "I will make all proper explanations to him," he repeated. "But to you, gentlemen, I feel myself bound to say, in consideration of the strange position in which you found me, that my wife is insane. It is my intention to take her North, in order to consult competent physicians. Although usually quiet and gentle, she is violent at times, and as we—my sister and I—were conveying her to the Gloria, one of her ungovernable fits came on, and she suddenly leaped into the river. I, of course, followed her."

The grave dignity with which Burleigh made this explanation, favorably impressed everybody in the boat, except Felix Brierwood.

Impelled by an impulse he could not explain, he lifted a corner of Tom Wood's jacket and pointed to the bruise on Inez's brow.

"How came that?" he asked, sternly.

Burleigh bent over Inez's form in apparent anxiety, thus veiling his face from observation. "I cannot account for it. I hope it is nothing serious. She must have struck against the boat."

"That blow," said Brierwood, "was inflicted by a human hand. The cruel marks of some brute's knuckles cannot be mistaken."

"That's so!" commented Tom Wood, examining the bruise. "Poor dear—poor, pretty dear. She reminds me of my Mary Ann. My Mary Ann, Mr. Brierwood—"

"I repeat," said Felix Brierwood, looking steadily at Ross Burleigh, "I repeat that this blow was given by a human hand. If the lady sprang from the montaria, she may have had reason."

Felix Brierwood could not account for this sudden hostility to an utter stranger. He was acting under the influence of a blind impulse—instinct.

"Your words imply an insult, sir," said Burleigh. "To insult a stranger, weak and exhausted, and just rescued from the jaws of death, may be part of your character. To resent such an insult, is a part of mine. I will not forget your words, sir."

"Sit down, Brierwood! Be quiet, Brierwood!" cried several voices. And he obeyed them, feeling that he was to all appearance in the wrong, not certain that he was right himself, yet glad that he had thrown the gauntlet to the new comer.

The men bent to the oars, and the occupants—of course excepting Burleigh and the unconscious Inez—thought about the stranger, and wondered whether he or the Indian pursuer had caused that purple bruise on the girl's pale forehead.

Having seen her brother lifted into the Gloria's boat, Laura Burleigh directed her attention to her own situation.

"Juan," she said to the Tapuya, who seemed to have obtained a certain authority over his companions, "you may as well put me on board the steamer. My brother is out of your power now, and you can gain nothing by keeping me here."

Juan made no reply. She continued, speaking—

"I am of no use to you. I didn't kill Calistro; it wasn't my business to warn you, and you can't have anything against me. You'll not be richer for detaining me, but I'll not fail to reward you the instant we hail the steamer."

Juan and Vincento whispered together.

"She has gold," said Vincento. "Throw her overboard and take it."

By way of reply, Juan pointed toward the Gloria.

"She would scream. Her friends are too near."

Laura overheard this conversation. Those eyes of hers so strangely near together looked dangerous. The Indians would have found it a more difficult matter than they supposed, to deprive that resolute woman of her life or even of her money.

"It is well," said Juan. "We will do what the senhorita wishes. How much will she give?"

She placed some pieces of money in his hand.

"You shall have as many more when your work is done."

Juan nodded, gave the word to his companions, and the montaria glided swiftly over the water, and reached the Gloria just as the people of the boat were going up her side. Laura Burleigh paid the Indians the promised sum, and in a few minutes had reached the deck. Her brother put out his hand to assist her.

"Mrs. Burleigh," he said, significantly, "Mrs. Burleigh is being attended to in the cabin."

She looked puzzled, and then her face cleared.

"I understand, Ross," she said, in a low tone. "Please take care of my portmanteaus, and I will join Mrs. Burleigh." This last was intended for the benefit of Felix Brierwood, who stood near the bulwark. "I am so anxious about her. The knowledge that she still lives is the best tidings I could receive. Oh, Ross, think of my feeling during that horrid, horrid scene!"

She raised her tear-filled eyes, not to her brother's face, but to Brierwood's. She tottered across the deck toward the cabin.

"Allow me to offer you my arm?" said somebody, speaking in a thin, worn voice.

She hastily turned away, and drew her hood over her face. The somebody was Ralph De Lancy.

"Thanks." She placed her white, perfectly-formed hand on his black coat-sleeve confidingly. The light pressure upon his arm brought back old memories to Ralph De Lancy. It was long since a woman's white hand had rested there. He walked more erectly than usual, and when, at the cabin door, he bowed low and she sweetly murmured her thanks again, his heart beat quickly, and he seemed to have grown a dozen years younger.

She found Inez in the hands of several sympathizing lady passengers and the stewardess. Burleigh was powerless to guard her from them, and Laura resolved to make the best of it.

Inez's wet clothes had been changed for dry ones, and she now lay in a deep sleep on a lounge.

Laura prepared herself for a grand histrionic effort. She rushed forward, and kneeling beside Inez, burst into tears.

"Excuse me," she sobbed, taking care not to awaken Inez, "but I can't help it. I have suffered dreadfully. Oh, how thankful—how thankful I am that this dear one is spared to us!"

Compassion got the better of curiosity in her hearers' minds, and cups of tea, fans, smelling-bottles, and other feminine consolations, were freely offered her by the sympathizing audience.

After some more spasmodic manifestations, she allowed herself to be carried to her berth.

Toward midnight, however, Felix Brierwood noticed two persons in conversation near the wheel-house. As he passed them, they drew back into the shade of a pile of canvas. He had time, however, to see that the two were the lately-arrived passengers—Ross Burleigh and his sister. She held some papers in her hands, which, judging from the pieces that littered the deck, she had been tearing to shreds.

"I'll watch that pair," he resolved. "If my instinct and penetration do not mislead me, those two hawks have a dove in their clutches."

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMING UP THE EVIDENCE.

Captain Durivage, of the steamship Gloria, claimed that his steamer was a steamer in every sense of the word. Nobody denied that; but when he asserted, as was his wont, that the Gloria was the fastest, tautest and best-built vessel in existence, some ignorant and ill-advised stranger would at times demur. Then the captain would come down on that unwary stranger like a sledge-hammer. He would seize the miserable stranger by a convenient button, and prove that the Gloria had as many perfections as Don Quixote's Rosinante had angles. He would tell the excellencies of the Gloria in a high falsetto, he would reiterate them in the lowest bass, and then he would sing them, con spirito and con amore, through his nose, all the while frantically gesticulating with his unoccupied fist, which threatened annihilation to anybody within its reach.

Finally, the unfortunate stranger—no longer ignorant and ill-advised as far as the merits of the Gloria were concerned—either fainted or cut off that button, and silently stole away before the captain could grasp another. Either of these things might save him from being convinced and re-convinced a score of times; nothing else would.

I cannot fill seven columns with a description of the Gloria, and if I tried to describe her in less space, the indignant captain would "interview" me, and to avert that, I will not describe her at all, beyond stating that she could make fifteen knots an hour (the captain said) and that she has not blown up yet. This latter assertion is the only one I dare make on my own authority.

Captain Durivage was a bluff, white-haired, ruddy-faced man of sixty—very downright, obstinate, and prejudiced—but thoroughly master of his profession. He had taken a fancy to his young passenger, Felix Brierwood, principally because Felix was as downright and obstinate as himself. They seldom agreed, but Brierwood was one of the few persons with whom the captain never quarreled.

Felix Brierwood was confidential clerk to a New York firm. He had gone to Brazil on business—his principal object being to ascertain whether a lately discovered coloring substance could be obtained in sufficient quantities for the purposes of the firm. He had made the voyage to Rio in the Gloria, and he was now returning in the same vessel.

Thus far Felix Brierwood's life had very little in it of couleur de rose. It had lain in the gray, dull light which falls into the lives of those whose paths lay in the work-a-day portion of the world. All that he possessed he had struggled hard to gain. In worldly goods, this at present was not much, but in experience and knowledge it was more. Of his boyhood, he remembered no father's caresses, no mother's tender tones—his memory went back no farther than the time when he had sold papers in the New York streets in daytime, and at night slept where he could. Later, he had become an errand boy to the firm in whose empty packing-boxes he had once slept. From that time his life-story was the story of many others—in fact, the story of every man who conquers circumstances. He waited, he toiled, he studied. By degrees, he arose to his present position—a position which he expected soon to exchange for a place in the firm.

Of his parents he knew nothing. He did not even know by what right he bore his name.

On the morning following the evening on which the events we have related took place, Felix Brierwood stood on the deck of the Gloria, thoughtfully gazing at the distant horizon which seemed to recede the nearer the vessel came to it.

Felix Brierwood was not handsome. His brow was broad, white and smooth, and his dark-blue eyes were bright and penetrating. His hair was brown and straight, and the pointed beard he wore, and which had the effect of making him look thirty instead of twenty-five, was unmistakably sandy in color. He was rather short in stature, but compact and well-formed. Young ladies—young ladies who adore the Children of the Abbey—would have called him commonplace-looking. In business he bore the reputation of being shrewd but honorable. In other things, he had meddled very little, but where his heart or feelings were enlisted, he was generally impetuous and hasty.

The softly-warm morning sunlight brightened deck and water, and the fresh breeze tugged mischievously at his wide-brimmed straw hat and light cloth coat; but the breeze might have stolen both, and he would have been unaware of the theft so deeply was he absorbed in thought.

When Captain Durivage came rolling along deck at his usually slow pace, the meditative expression left Felix's face. He threw away his cigar, and hastened to meet the captain.

The latter sat down on a pile of ropes, and waited for him.

"Well," Felix said, impatiently, "who are they?"

"Who?" the captain said, waving his hand all around him. "Isn't she a spanker? By George! Isn't she glorious. D'ye see the pun, Brierwood, d'ye see the pun?" And the captain laughed as heartily as if he had not uttered that witticism at least fifty times since the Gloria had left Rio.

"Oh, never mind her now," began Felix.

"If I didn't mind her, we'd all go down among the coral caves I used to speak about when I was a boy. Did you ever happen to hear a piece called 'My name is Norval?'"

"But who are they, captain?"

"It was in the District School at Kennetville. We had a regular curmudgeon for a teacher. Bless you, Brierwood, little he thought he was caning the future captain of the Gloria, whon—"

"Another time, my dear captain, but who are they?"

"Who? What the deuce—"

"The new passengers, of course."

"Oh, that fellow you brought in the boat last night. By the way, you and your party of explorers were near being left behind. By George! If an unexpected addition to my cargo hadn't delayed us, and I hadn't been so considerate—"

"My dear captain, gratify my curiosity in this instance. Who is he?"

"A polite, gentlemanly fellow who doesn't interrupt his superiors in station and age at every word." Having in this manner demolished Felix, the worthy captain recovered his good humor. "He apologized very handsomely for his unusual conduct in unceremoniously boarding us last night. Those ladies are his wife and sister. His wife is insane—poor creature! and he is taking her North for medical treatment—"

"And she became violent last night, and jumped out of the boat. Oh, I know all that," broke in Felix, his lip curling. "But what's his name? Where is he from?"

"There! You're off again? He's the Baron Val-Vert, of Pombal. He is a Frenchman—speaks nothing but French."

"Baron Pierre de Val-Vert?"

Felix laid his hand on the captain's arm and waited for his answer with an eager look.

"Exactly. He says he has a large plantation near Pombal. Do you know him?"

"No," said Felix, not deeming it prudent to give the full reason for his interest. "No. I am acquainted with his cousin, Señor de Vastro, of Para. I met Señor de Vastro at Rio, and he gave me a letter of introduction to Val-Vert. I never had an opportunity of presenting it, although I met the baron often in society."

"Ah! The baron nearly escaped death last night, he said. An Indian in his employ, whom he had chastised, attempted to kill him while he was rescuing his wife. The red devil!"

"Captain," said Felix, seriously. "I advise you to watch that man."

"Pshaw!" cried the captain, delighted to disagree with his friend. "You're bilious, my boy. A bilious man is always suspicious. What's the matter with this fellow?"

"I have reason for distrusting him," answered Felix, gravely.

"Pshaw! Take a dose of something, my boy," said the captain, with provoking carelessness. "Here comes Bulstrode. You'd better consult him."

Bulstrode was the surgeon—a tall, thin, carefully-dressed young man.

"Good-morning, Mr. Brierwood. A sad case, captain—a sad case. The Baroness de Val-Vert has the brain fever."

"Poor young thing!" said the captain. "She's insane, too."

"She's delirious," said the surgeon, briefly.

"Had she no lucid interval while you were in attendance?" asked Felix.

"I fancied once that she was in her right mind, but it was a mistake on my part, for she seemed to imagine that she was in the power of a person named Burleigh, and implored me to save her."

"You think she's insane, then, doctor?"

Bulstrode looked at Felix curiously—his questioning tone was so full of eager interest.

"I think," answered Bulstrode, cautiously, "that she's delirious. Of her insanity, I cannot speak positively."

"How does the baron take it?" asked the captain.

"He is quite broken down, poor fellow! As for that sister of his, she's an angel. It went to my heart to see her, pale from anxiety, hanging over that poor lady's berth. I was compelled to force her away to take rest. That was an easy task, she was so weak with watching. Good-morning, gentlemen, I must take a look at Jack Brown's arm."

The captain laughed.

"Bulstrode is smitten by the charms of the baron's sister. Oh, these women! The doctor is a staunch fellow, in spite of his eyeglass and white hands."

Felix made no reply to this observation. With compressed lips and knitted brow, he was apparently trying to solve some problem.

"Well. See you again, Brierwood. Duty calls." And the captain rolled leisurely away.

Felix was glad to be alone. He took the captain's vacated seat—the rope-pile—and thought on the subject that had occupied him since the preceding evening. He began, in perhaps a rather unlawyer-like and irregular manner, to sum up the evidence against the soi-disant Baron Val-Vert.

In the first place, Pierre Baron de Val-Vert, of Pombal, was, at least, somewhat past middle-age. This Baron Val-Vert, also of Pombal, was still young. Baron Pierre Val-Vert was unmarried, and, as Felix had heard, he had no relatives in America, excepting his aunt's son, Senhor de Vastro. Therefore, this Baron Val-Vert was not the real baron's heir, and as there was but one De Val-Vert near Pombal, this soi-disant baron must be somebody else.

Now, who was he? Why had he assumed a title and name not his own?

When this man's sister—as he called her—had come on board, Felix had heard him say to her in English, "Mrs. Burleigh is being attended to in the cabin." The woman addressed did not seem to understand at first, and after a short pause she answered in words that left no doubt that the half-drowned girl in the cabin was named Mrs. Burleigh. The woman's tones led him to believe that the words were intended for his ears; but why, after thus telling him their name, should they change their plan suddenly, and risk detection by adopting a new one?"

This question puzzled Felix Brierwood. After looking at it from every point of view, he confessed himself baffled for a time, and went on with another portion of his investigation.

This soi-disant baron and his party had stolen off from shore, not from the city front, but from a secluded point of the forest, in the shade of night. Had they a reason for this? If justice were on their track, it would be their probable course. If they were seeking to escape vengeance—the Indian's for instance—their safety would be amid crowds on the quay in open daylight.

If flight from justice had been their motive, the Parisese journals would probably give some clue to their crime.

He went to ask Captain Durivage for some Para newspapers.

"There were three, all of yesterday's date, on the saloon tables. You'll find them there, I presume, for I never had fewer native Brazilians on a homeward voyage before. My passengers are principally Spaniards, French and Americans, and they don't bother themselves about Portuguese papers. Bless you! I'd give half all I'm worth for to-day's New York Herald. I would, indeed, Brierwood!"

Felix went into the saloon, and searched among the many papers on the table. The Para papers had disappeared. A waiter told him that there had been three copies of the El Dorado sent on board the previous day.

CHAPTER X.

A FALSE MOVE.

"This man has destroyed the Para papers, for they told something that he wished to conceal."

To this conclusion Felix Brierwood impulsively jumped. He might, with his usual impetuosity, have jumped at a dozen other conclusions, and with equal reason. The majority of the passengers, it was true, were not likely to read papers in the Portuguese language, but that fact was rather insufficient to prove that the Baron Val-Vert, alias Burleigh, had destroyed the papers.

A sudden thought flashed into his mind. He rushed from the saloon to the fore part of the ship—to the place where he had seen the objects of his suspicion standing the night before.

He examined the space around the heaped up sails. He searched minutely for any scraps of paper on the deck; but he found none. They had been swept away. He was about to give up the search in despair, when Rose Durivage, the captain's niece, came toward him, daintily holding up her white skirts and nodding gayly.

"Good-morning," she said, dimpling and smiling, "good-morning, Mr. Felix—or rather Mr. *la* Felix Brierwood—for you look unhappy enough in all conscience—for what are you searching?"

"For the El Dorado," he answered, straightening himself, and helping her over some ropes, trying to look well-pleased by the interruption.

"El Dorado!" she exclaimed. "And you have failed, of course, as everybody has before you. Do you expect to find a gold mine under the deck of the Gloria?"

"The El Dorado I am searching for is merely a Para paper with a Spanish name."

"Oh! I am quite disappointed. I thought you were a romantic adventurer, like Ponce de Leon—or, perhaps, it was some other man, but never mind—with gold on the brain."

While she was rattling off this speech, Felix had thrust his hand into a crevice between two piles of sails, drawing out several scraps of paper. They had been blown there by the wind, probably.

He began to piece them together in the way that children arrange the parts of a puzzle. Rose Durivage looked on with undisguised curiosity.

The following was the result. We translate the date:

On the first piece was, El Dora—

On the second, Dorado.

On the third, Para September 16—

The rest were unconnected scraps, containing detached words in Portuguese.

"Well?" asked Rose, when he raised his head.

"I have found what I was looking for," he answered.

He was sure now that Laura Burleigh had destroyed two copies, at least, of the Para El Dorado. The name of the paper was printed in large ornamental letters. The heading alone, he had but little doubt, was printed in that way. It was plain that he had found portions of two headings. The date was the one mentioned by the captain. Two copies of the paper had been destroyed. Was the third yet in existence, or had it met the same fate?

"Well?" again said Rose, peremptorily tapping his shoulder with the handle of her parasol, and arousing him from his revery. "I suppose that you are not going to leave me in ignorance of the cause of this rather strange proceeding. Of what use are these scraps of the El Dorado?"

"I'd give half of all I'm worth—as your uncle just said—for one copy of a paper—yesterday's El Dorado."

"What date was yesterday?"

"September 16."

"Well," said Rose, "we will make a bargain. I will procure that paper, and you will tell me what you want it for?"

"Have you it, Miss Durivage? I—"

"Stick to the business on hand, Mr. Brierwood. Do you agree?"

Felix hesitated. But, he argued, if Rose's feelings were enlisted in favor of that pale girl in the cabin, she might be of great service.

"I agree, Miss Rose."

"Now, tell me at once. I'm sure there's something mysterious at the bottom of all this grubbing after scraps of paper. I do love secrets!"

"And you will get me the paper?"

"Certainly."

He poured into Rose's sympathetic ear the story of his surmises and conclusions.

"He's a villain, I know he's a villain," cried Rose, clenching her small fists. "The ugly—though I've never seen him—ferocious beast!"

"Keep cool, Miss Rose, keep cool," said Felix, on whom Rose's heat had the counter-effect of producing a degree of calmness. "What can we prove against him, after all?"

"He has taken somebody's name, and that's not a sign of honesty."

"Can you get the paper at once?"

"Yes. Neil Ruxton took it from a table in the saloon yesterday. He promised to teach me Portuguese, and we used it as an exercise. I will go ask him for it. Wait here."

She tripped over the various impediments in her way, and with a graceful laugh eluded her uncle, who endeavored to lecture her on the impropriety of a young lady appearing amid paint, tar, and oakum.

In a few minutes she returned with the paper.

"Let us go on with the investigation here," she said. "It is the quietest place on the steamer—that is, there is nobody prowling about to listen. My uncle will scold terribly if he sees me here, but I'll run the risk."

Felix had already finished scanning the first column.

"Here!" he cried, triumphantly. "Listen!"

"Translate it into English. I don't understand Portuguese."

Obeying her, he read—

"We learn with regret that the notorious Ross Burleigh has not yet been apprehended, although the authorities have made every effort to secure him. The Tapuya Calistro, one of Burleigh's band, from whom information of the proceedings of this infamous brigand was first obtained, has managed to escape to the forest. It is now certain that the depredations which have for some time rendered a certain part of our environs a place of terror to travellers, were committed by Burleigh and his corps of robbers. His gambling establishment in the Rua dos Mercadores has been closed, but the man in charge appeared to be ignorant of the whereabouts of his employer. We hope that this assassin, thief, and gambler may be brought to speedy justice."

"Amen!" cried Rose." "This assassin, thief, and gambler is the man who came on board last night."

"I am sure of it," said Felix. "I now understand his motive for changing his name. That chase in the river was sufficient to unstring the nerves of the most vigorous man. It is probable that he had neither time nor power for much thinking, and he accordingly mentioned his own surname."

"But what necessity was there for mentioning it? He could have been silent just as well."

"When his sister came on board, I was the only person near. He spoke loudly to her, using the name Mrs. Burleigh, as if to warn her against surprise. She seemed at first not to understand, but she answered, using the same name."

"She seemed surprised at his use of the name, Mrs. Burleigh?" asked Rose, thoughtfully.

"Yes."

"Then," said Rose, "if Burleigh is his real name, that young Spanish lady is not his wife."

"By Jove! Miss Rose, you're right. That exactly coincides with my opinion."

"Just like a man!" said Rose, half-scornfully. "I am right because I agree with you; but I can't see what should induce this pair of schemers to assume a false name after they had proclaimed their own to you, at least."

"I think I understand it," returned Felix. "One of them must have seen the El Dorado afterward, and, of course, as Burleigh's name was mentioned in the article we have just read, it would be very imprudent to be known here by that name. It would be Captain Durivage's duty to send him under guard back to Para, were he known as Ross Burleigh. Knowing, that in his real name, he had been publicly branded as a criminal, his only alternative was to assume another."

"The explanation seems plausible," said Rose, thoughtfully. "But they could not have forgotten that you had heard their name."

"No. They trusted perhaps to my inattention or forgetfulness. At any rate, there was less risk in being known by me than by all on board."

"But why should he have pitched on the name of Baron Pierre Val-Vert?"

Felix shook his head. "I think he did it because the baron is but little known. He leads a retired life, never appearing in public, and visiting only one or two friends of his own country. Having access to their houses, I had many opportunities of seeing him, though we merely exchanged casual civilities."

"If this young lady is not Mrs. Burleigh, who is she?"

"I will find out," said Felix, firmly.

"And I will help you, for I have the detective fever, I think. After all, she may be his wife."

"She is not, I could almost swear it!" cried Felix

Rose looked amused.

"A moment ago you were just like a man; now you are just like a woman—jumping headlong at a conclusion without noticing such mere trifles as facts."

"I could swear that she is not that wretch's wife!" repeated Felix, walking excitedly up and down. "She's an angel!"

Rose laughed, and said, with a spice of malice—

"How did you discover that? or is it another jumped-at conclusion?"

Felix turned away impatiently, and with another laugh Rose seized his arm, demanding to be taken to the saloon. Felix obeyed, but she soon left his escort for that of a very dissatisfied-looking young gentleman who was saunteering past.

This young gentleman was Neil Ruxton, a fresh-colored, handsome native of the Emerald Isle, with a most bizarre taste in dress.

Felix, thus released, sat down in the saloon to watch and think. But neither Burleigh nor his sister appeared, to reward his watching, and all his thinking brought forth nothing new.

Neil Ruxton pulled his tall, white hat over his eyes, and stood perfectly still and upright as Rose placed her dainty, white hand on his arm. They then paced slowly up the deck.

"A lovely morning," remarked Rose in her sweetest tone.

No answer.

"At home," she continued, "there is no month I love so well as September. Oh, I wish I were at home! Life under the Equator was so uncongenial to me."

"But life on the ocean isn't, for faith! you've found a congenial soul." The dissatisfied gentleman said this cutting thing with a touch of sarcasm and a touch of brogue.

"Yes," sighed Rose, leaning more confidingly on his arm.

"Do you want to drive me to distraction, Miss Durivage?" he asked, pushing the tall hat on the back of his head, and regarding her intently.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Rose with infantile innocence. "What a question?"

"Do you wish, Miss Durivage," he repeated, solemnly, "do you wish to drive me to distraction?"

"Not particularly, Mr. Ruxton, but if distraction would increase your politeness, I would be very happy to—" Rose broke off, and giggled behind her handkerchief.

"Is this a moment for light laughter?" he demanded, in a hollow voice.

"What unreasonable questions you ask? Can I help it if you will push your hat back in that funny way?"

He pulled the hat over his eyes again.

"Miss Durivage, you are heartless."

"What have I done to be called Miss Durivage?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing at all."

"Then why do you do it? not that I care, but—"

"No, you don't care—except for that spalpeen of a Brierwood."

"Oh, that's it!" exclaimed Rose, as if she had just made a discovery. "A lady can't speak to a gentleman for a moment—"

"A half hour," put in Ruxton, gravely. "Flirting a full half hour."

"A moment, I say!"—and Rose put her handkerchief to her eyes—"without being watched by a jealous Turk!"

Tears, or at least their emblem—the handkerchief—moved the susceptible Irishman.

"Don't cry, Rosy, dear," he said. "Faith, I'm a brute! I was only fooling anyhow."

But Rose, knowing her advantage, refused to be comforted.

"He distrusts me!" she said, "he calls me a flirt! Oh! why don't the grave—the deck, I mean—open and swallow me up?"

"Faith, I'll have a trap door cut in this same spot, darlin', if that'll suit you."

At this remarkably weak joke, they both laughed immensely. Rose condescended to take his arm, and he said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"You may flirt as much as you please, Rosy, darling, and it will not be flirting at all—with your husband that is to be—myself, sure."

Rose tossed her head, but vouchsafed to show her dimples in a little smile.

The two continued to promenade, and Rose poured into Ruxton's willing ears the conversation she had held with Felix Brierwood. The Irishman was for seizing Burleigh at once, but Rose managed to quiet him.

Days melted into nights and nights into days, and still the Gloria sped through the ocean, homeward bound. Inez de Vastro was now convalescent, but she was not allowed to leave her stateroom. After the crisis of the fever had passed, Laura Burleigh begged Dr. Bulstrode not to come any more. The sight of him agitated the patient, Laura said: he seemed to remind her of some terrible experience, imaginary, of course. Dr. Bulstrode was only too happy to obey the fascinating Mdlle. Val-Vert, and Inez de Vastro was left alone with her keepers. From thenceforth Bulstrode merely gave his directions and prescriptions to Mdlle. Val-Vert, alias Burleigh.

Mdlle. Val-Vert rarely appeared on deck, and when she did she was surrounded by admirers, among the most devoted of whom were Ralph De Lancy and Dr. Bulstrode. She played her cards well. Though admired by the gentlemen, she was not unpopular among the lady passengers. She was so devoted to her afflicted sister-in-law! To be sure that unpreannunted old De Lancy was making a fool of himself about her; but then, poor thing, she couldn't help it.

This was the verdict of the lady passengers. There is no doubt about it, Mdlle. Val-Vert played her cards well. Ralph De Lancy seemed disconsolate when not in her presence. Bulstrode would have been jealous had he not imagined that the lady of his thoughts was merely humoring the elder admirer.

When not engaged in guarding Inez, Rose Burleigh watched Brierwood. He was not yet certain that Brierwood was unaware of his real name. He used every means in his power to find out whether Brierwood had been inattentive to the utterance of the name, "Mrs. Burleigh." But Felix was mute on that subject, and Burleigh was by no means convinced. Luckily, Rose had by dint of constant counselling, driven a fair amount of prudence into the impetuous heads of the other two friends of Inez, though Neil Raxton, in spite of Rose's terror, could not be restrained from making sundry warlike demonstrations whenever Burleigh's back was turned to him.

It was a dark night when the Gloria entered New York Bay. Inez was apparently soundly sleeping, and Laura accepted Ralph De Lancy's invitation to promenade.

Brierwood, standing at the door of the saloon, watched them, revolving in his mind wild plans for penetrating the mystery that surrounded Burleigh's pretended wife.

"You bring to my mind somebody whom I saw in Paris, mademoiselle," Ralph said, suddenly.

Laura's hand trembled slightly on his arm.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; a young woman who was governess in the family of Señor de Vastro."

"I am really piqued, Mr. De Lancy, to think that after all your flattery, there exists another who is an exact counterpart of myself."

"An exact counterpart!" repeated De Lancy, tenderly. "I never said so. That could not exist except in Heaven. But this young person somewhat resembles you in features."

Laura did not answer him. She looked steadily in the direction of the saloon.

"Excuse me, Mr. De Lancy. I will rejoin you in an instant."

Felix Brierwood stood just within the door of the vacant and dimly-lighted saloon when a light hand was laid on his shoulder.

He turned suddenly. Just behind him stood a white-robed woman. Her eyes were unnaturally brilliant, and a bright color burnt in her cheeks. She looked at him, with a finger raised to her lips as if to enjoin silence. He recognized her at once, although fever had sadly wasted her beauty. Actuated partly by surprise and partly by a desire to put her to the test, he exclaimed—

"Mrs. Burleigh!"

She drew back. When she spoke, her tones were so full of intense pain and scorn, that Felix started.

"You, too, call me by that monster's name! I am not his wife! I am not insane! Save me from him!" She spoke in broken English.

"I will!" he said, firmly. "You have friends on board, and before another sun sets, you shall be free, and this miscreant brought to justice!"

"I thank you!" she said, taking both his hands. "I must go now. Next to Heaven I trust in you. Your name?"

"Felix Brierwood. And yours?"

"Inez de Vastro."

She glided away.

Felix looked after her—his blood boiling and his heart beating a fierce tattoo.

"My poor insane sister-in-law has been troubling you, I fear, Mr. Brierwood," said Laura Burleigh's voice near.

In his hot indignation, Felix Brierwood forgot his prudence, and made a false move.

"Your sister-in-law!" he retorted, facing the woman. "She is no more your sister-in-law than I am. As to her insanity, the less you say about that the better."

Laura gave him a look that would have killed him, could a look have done so, and followed Inez.

"To-morrow," thought Felix, "the captain shall know all."

Late that night when all was still, Felix Brierwood thought he heard a shriek and his own name uttered in a despairing voice. He set it down as a fancy.

The next morning the great city lay a wondrous tableau before the passengers of the Gloria.

"If you please, sir," said Tom Wood to the captain, "the gig is missing."

Further investigation proved that the Baron and Baronne de Val-Vert and Mademoiselle were missing, too.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 30.)

THREE TIMES.

BY MRS. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

CHAPTER I.

"And thrice along the hills of youth
Thy form my path has crossed."
—A. R. Watts.

I don't know why I hesitated so long before putting out the candle—perhaps because the privilege was unusual. Of course, in the ordinary state of things, the schoolroom maid would have fetched the candlestick, and I should have had no option in the matter; but this was altogether an exceptional time.

It happened that in the year when Florence Cope was fifteen, neither her parents nor my guardian could conveniently receive us at the beginning of the Christmas holidays, so we were left behind at Fern Bank for a time after all our companions had departed.

This was not such a punishment as may be supposed, for we were the greatest friends in the whole school, and a week of each other's society, with no rules to observe and no school-fellows to disturb us, was not at all an unpleasant prospect.

Florence, indeed, openly proclaimed that it was a great improvement on the usual thing. She was the only child of an elderly couple, who had long left all sympathy with youth and youthful fancies behind, and could not at any time of their lives have had much affinity with anything so impulsive, tender-hearted, and wilful as their little daughter. Mrs. Seymore, Florence used to say, was much more mother-like to her than her own mother, and Fern Bank much more home-like than her own home. Besides, she was the youngest amongst us, and, by virtue of the sweetest of tempers, and the most generous and loving of dispositions, the pet and darling of the whole household—fond of every one in return, but clinging with all the affectionate tenacity of her warm and faithful heart to me.

Florence shared my bedroom, and on the third night of our solitude I stood balancing the extinguisher on my finger, and half-wishing that Bessie had not gone away for her holiday till we also took our departure, for I longed to spring into bed leaving the candle still burning, and for the first time in my life dreaded abandoning the room to the gloom of a starless winter night.

I glanced at Florence for sympathy, but she was already asleep; her golden curls scattered over the pillow, her long dark eyelashes sweeping the pretty pink cheek.

At last I put out the candle and lay down by her side—to wake suddenly in, I suppose, about an hour, shuddering with a vague fear and horror which grew stronger every moment.

An intense light, which by contrast increased the darkness of the rest of the room, filled the space between our bedstead and the windows opposite, and revealed, crouching at the bed's foot, a shadowy figure.

Dim and intangible as a mist at first, while I gazed it assumed form and distinctness, rose slowly to its full height, and bent on Florence a long, penetrating, mournful look, wringing its attenuated hands in mute entreaty.

I could bear the sight no longer.

"Florence, Florence! wake!" I cried in an agony of terror.

But the sleep of light-hearted fifteen is sound, and my appeal was vain.

Fear is selfish; I grasped her hand and called her more impatiently.

This time her eyes unclosed and met the dark, unearthly gaze fixed upon her. For an instant she raised her head from the pillow, transfixed with horror; then clung to me sobbing and trembling.

"Alice, what is it? Who is that in the room?"

Even as she spoke, the tall emaciated figure, wrapped in white robes, which seemed to dissolve as they touched the floor, and with heavy unbound masses of dark hair shading the lustrous eyes, shrank, dwindled, fell in a formless heap against the bed's foot as at first, while the peculiar light which had surrounded it abruptly faded.

This broke the spell which held us.

I sprang from the bed, and seizing the bell-rope, pulled it frantically.

Mrs. Seymore and the maids hurried in, startled and anxious, and overwhelmed us with questions.

"Some one has been in the room. Oh, no, Mrs. Seymore, I am sure I was not dreaming! A woman—a tall, dark woman, dressed in white! She looked—oh, so dreadfully ill! Indeed she was in this room—there, at the foot of the bed!"

"Miss Cope, did you observe this strange appearance?"

But Florence had fainted.

Of course the whole place was thoroughly searched inside and out, house and grounds, but no trace of our terrible visitor could be found, and the authorities soon settled to their satisfaction that Miss Mostyn must have had the nightmare and frightened Miss Cope into a swoon.

Next night we were removed to the pretty cheerful room allotted to our French mistress, absent for the vacation.

At the close of the holidays we found our sleeping-room permanently changed, and were requested not to tell our school-fellows "that disagreeable dream." And so materially had change of scene and occupation weakened the impression made by our night of terror, that we almost persuaded ourselves it had indeed been only a dream.

CHAPTER II.

"In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks, What can I see?
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?" —Landor.

Soon after Florence's sixteenth birthday, Mr. Cope decided that she should leave Fern Bank and finish her education under masters at home. The poor child did not hear the news with the usual school-girl exultation.

"I am so fond of you, Alice, and so happy here, and it is so very, very dull at home," she would piteously exclaim. "Mamma is always silent, and papa is always stern. I can't go for a drive without mamma, or for a walk without one of the servants, and I get so nervous that I drop everything I touch, and start at the least sound, and then they say I am unladylike, and they are quite ashamed of me!"

Here her melancholy reminiscences were interrupted by a burst of weeping; so the tears had to be soothed and kissed away, and the more cheerful topic of our breaking-up ball introduced to divert her thoughts.

These fits of fretting lasted so long and occurred so frequently that Florence began to lose her good looks and spirits. She grew thin and pale, quiet and absent. Kind-hearted Mrs. Seymore was moved to do a thing she very much disliked, because it savored of self-seeking, and looked like pushing forward her own interests in opposition to the wishes of others. But she was so disturbed by the child's sad face and mute clinging to us all, that she wrote to Mr. Cope to the effect that her pupil was not very strong, and another year in the bracing atmosphere of Fern Bank might be beneficial. In vain; Mr. Cope politely presumed that he was the proper judge of what was best for his daughter, and if medical advice were really requisite, he could procure better assistance at Kensington than Mrs. Seymore could at Fern Bank.

So we made up our minds to part from our darling; but meantime there would be one glorious evening in which to forget our sorrows, and every hope and thought for weeks beforehand centred on our annual ball.

I was very proud of Florence that night; I thought I had never seen any one so lovely in all my life. Excitement had restored the roses to her cheeks and sparkled in her deep-blue eyes. Her floating golden curls were simply drawn back under a light wreath of forget-me-nots, and her white dress was adorned with clusters of the same delicate flowers. As she paused for a moment at the ball-room door with a look of shy exultation, smiling with innocent satisfaction at being so pretty and so prettily dressed, and blushing at her own pleasure, where could one see a more bewitching picture? She was decidedly the belle of the evening, and in her inexperience, made twice as many engagements as there was any possibility of fulfilling.

To these delightful festivities—there were no such balls in after-life!—each pupil was allowed to invite one visitor, subject to Mrs. Seymore's approval; and the rest of the party consisted of her own friends, some of the local magnates, and the pupils' relations. It seems to me on looking back that the scene must have been amusing to "grown-up" spectators, though of course I took it all in great seriousness at the time. The elder girls were infinitely more dignified and proper, more intent on moving gracefully and avoiding the smallest infraction of etiquette than they would be at their first drawing-room: but the joyousness of such ingenuous dispositions as Florence's would break bounds, and generally infected the whole party before the close of the evening.

We were allowed to dance as much as we pleased, and even a first attempt at a little quiet flirtation was discreetly overlooked; though most of our partners, being brothers and cousins about our own age, were looked down upon as "boys" and treated with serene indifference, while the secret ambition of every heart was to secure the notice of those older visitors whose appearances were "few and far between."

The greatest of all the great people in our neighborhood was Sir John Balfour, and, as his daughter had come to Fern Bank during the year, a large party from the Hall graced our Christmas dance, and one gentleman who accompanied them seemed especially interested in Florence. He did not dance with her very often, but wherever she went his glance of attentive admiration followed her, and the deference of his manner was the greatest possible compliment to a girl not yet emancipated from the school room.

This splendid stranger was delightfully old, almost thirty, I should think; tall and dark, with masses of black hair worn low on the forehead, shading a pair of magnificent eyes, and such a mustache as turned the heads of half the girls. For my own part, I held out stoutly against the popular enthusiasm, and declared that I saw a sinister expression in the face whose handsomeness I could not deny. But all the others insisted that I thought so because I only had the opportunity of studying it from a distance, as Mr. Balfour did not once condescend to dance with me.

I was resting in Mrs. Seymore's pretty conservatory, admiring the effect of lights among its green leaves and many-colored flowers, when Mr. Balfour brought Florence in. They paused to admire a pink heath near the door, and he stooped to gather a sprig of the delicate waxen blossoms for her.

"Oh, Mr. Balfour, you have broken it at the root!" I heard her exclaim in distress. "The plant will die."

"If it has given you pleasure, it has lived long enough," he said with a smile.

"I don't think Mrs. Seymore would agree with you," replied Florence, naively, "it was her favorite flower."

"I will write her a full avowal and explanation of the disaster, accompanied by the choicest specimen of the genus that Covent Garden can furnish, when I return to town."

"It will never be the same to her," Florence answered; "her brother brought her the flower, just before he went to India."

Mr. Balfour looked tired of the subject.

"I am sorry, but it really can't be helped," he said carelessly. "Won't you sit down?"

"Yes, I should like to rest a little while; oh, I am sure that is Alice Mostyn, my great friend," exclaimed Florence, catching sight of my pink and white draperies through the green leaves. "I can stay with her. Don't let me detain you any longer, Mr. Balfour."

For a moment he looked half annoyed at such an unceremonious dismissal. Then seemed to remember that after all she was but a child, and said good-humoredly—

"I will leave you to take care of each other, then. But remember, you have promised me the last dance."

That last dance came too soon and passed all too quickly. It scarcely seemed possible that the night of bliss to which we had all looked so eagerly forward during the monotony of lectures and exercises was really over, even when farewells had been exchanged, our guests had departed, and I was smoothing the tangled luxuriance of Florence's curls in the solitude of our own room.

It was harder than ever to see her carried off next day under the severe escort of Mrs. Cope's maid, for who could tell when we should meet again? Hitherto our partings had only been for a few weeks, just long enough to afford us the delight of reunion.

But now Florence was departing never to return—never, I felt, to be quite the same to me, even if we should meet again next year. And the sorrow I felt was not merely at losing my favorite companion, but at the thought of the change for her from the cheerful occupation, the winter frolics and summer rambles which varied our life at Mrs. Seymore's, to the home which Florence's ingenuous revelations had painted in such dull and chilling colors.

Of course we corresponded, exchanging those long, circumstantial, eagerly-expected letters in which girlish friendship revels; and Florence's, in their sorrowful simplicity, detailed a routine of life even more wearisome than I had imagined.

In the course of the following summer I also left school; and as soon as I was settled at Hillside expended all my eloquence in describing to good Aunt Bertha the intense affection Florence and I felt for each other, and the misery of our separation, and drew such a harrowing picture of the calamities which might befall a girl with her sweet sensitive disposition, her fragile health, so completely at the mercy of any strong emotion, her sunny temper, which a harsh word could sadden and depress, when consigned to the despotism of unnatural parents, that the kind-hearted creature called for her spectacles and her writing desk on the spot, and wrote Mrs. Cope the most politely pressing request that her daughter might be permitted to pay us a long visit, which her powers of composition could frame.

How anxiously I watched for the reply! How often I waylaid the postman, toiling along the leafy Somersetshire lane, knee-deep in fern and almost overarched by straggling hedges, that led to Hillside; and taunting that much-enduring official with his ignorance of handwriting (he had been "odd boy" about one of my uncle's farms, a familiar form to me from my babyhood,) compelled him to empty his post-bag under my incredulous eyes before I would believe there was no London letter for Aunt Bertha.

It came at last; a cold, formal, barely courteous production, in which the writer was "compelled to decline" Mrs. Wishart's kind suggestion. Miss Cope was delicate, sea air had been recommended for her, and in the autumn they should probably spend some months at Cromer.

So I gave up all hope of being reunited to my Florence in the old, happy intimacy, and hoped forlornly in the chapter of accidents for even a glimpse of her again.

Imagine my surprise when, before the bright warm autumn days had completely vanished, while the leaves yet wore their rich hues of dark-red and russet-brown and yellow, and our old-fashioned garden still glowed with geranium and fuchsia, dahlia and hollyhock, Aunt Bertha had a second letter from Mrs. Cope; this time conveying a request, as cordial as the nature of the writer would allow, that I should go to Kensington to see my old friend Florence.

For once in her life, Aunt Bertha was inclined to stand on her dignity and say no, "after the extremely off-handish way in which our invitation was refused, my dear." But Florence had enclosed an agitated and mysterious little note in her mamma's, which so implored me to come to her, and hinted at such important and astonishing reasons for my presence being required, that I easily overruled my aunt's brief attempt at punctiliousness.

But a first visit to London was an important event in those days, and modest though my preparations were they delayed my departure for two or three weeks.

CHAPTER III.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet
Womanhood and childhood fleet."
—Longfellow.

On a dull chilly evening—autumn seemed to have left all its rich glow in the country, and reserved only its fog and gloom for the neighborhood of London—I for the first time entered "The Old Court Suburb" far beyond whose quaintly cheerful streets, with their odd, country-town like mixture of residences and shops, stood Florence's home. It was in a wide tree-fringed road, then very lonely and remote, though now surrounded by houses, and had probably been a nobleman's mansion in its early days; spacious, lofty, and to my rustic eyes oppressively dull, being fronted by a high-walled courtyard, and a tall row of poplars, whose remaining leaves moaned in the evening breeze.

With some excitement and no little secret trepidation, I awaited the unclosing of that door from whose grim portals nothing but the strongest sense of duty prevented my uncle's precipitate departure. For Mr. Wishart was a simple-minded country gentleman, whose imagination pictured the whole family assembled on the threshold to welcome us, as eager to detain him for the night as he would have been under similar circumstances to press hospitality on them.

He need not have alarmed himself.

My guardian was allowed to take leave of me and return to the cab which waited for him, without the smallest interference from the sombre footman who admitted us. Then I was handed over to the terrible woman who used to fetch Florence from Fern Bank; stormer than ever she looked, I thought, and shorter than ever was her speech. She conducted me to a large, dimly-lighted room at the back of the house, uncorded my boxes, shook out the dress I selected, informed me that the dinner hour was seven, and vanished.

Scarcely had her footsteps died away when the door reopened, and Florence sprang into my arms.

"Oh, Alice, my dearest, how glad I am to see you at last! I have been pining away to see you again!"

"I shouldn't have thought it," I said, between laughing and crying; "why, Florence, how you have grown!" I was going to add "and improved," but something withheld me—the indefinable difference between childhood and girlhood traceable in the quieter grace of her movements, the deeper lustre of her eyes, and a slight shade of thought, perhaps of sorrow, on the ingenuous face raised to mine.

"Why, what have you been doing to look such a woman in this short time, Florence?"

"Oh, I don't know—all sorts of things. But we have no time to talk now, only I was obliged to have one look at you. Mamma thinks I am dressing. They wouldn't let me come to the station to meet you, and they wouldn't even let me run down into the hall; but they can't keep us apart now we are under the same roof, thank goodness. I will come back for you when the dinner-bell rings."

In the drawing-room Mr. and Mrs. Cope gave me a politely chilling reception. The former was tall, gray-haired, and severe-looking, with a dry, slightly sarcastic manner, and a harsh metallic voice. The latter, although somewhat younger, and still retaining traces of an early resemblance to Florence, seemed in the course of years to have petrified into a feeble shadow of her husband.

The wives of most domestic tyrants, however meekly they may outwardly submit to the burdens laid upon themselves, will sub rosa move Heaven and earth to lighten the yoke a little from the shoulders of their children—who are ordinarily as much spoilt by the mother's over-indulgence as by the father's severity.

Mrs. Cope, on the contrary, far from being passive in her husband's hands, seemed to find her nearest approach to pleasure in extending to her child the rigid rule enforced upon herself. Anything Florence particularly wished for was pronounced unladylike, childish, or impossible. Any one she particularly liked was an undesirable companion. How I had escaped the universal ban was a mystery to me, till I discovered that the family doctor had once or twice warned Mr. and Mrs. Cope that there was a point beyond which it might be dangerous to press such prohibitions; and that, little though they might themselves realize the fact, a certain amount of indulgence to her feelings was as necessary to the health of a sensitive girl like Florence as air and exercise.

Besides, her parents had a great point to gain; and having met with unexpected opposition on it, they thought to facilitate matters by conceding one or two minor points.

Dinner was a sufficiently solemn affair. Florence leaned back in her chair speaking little and eating less, but every now and then giving me an affectionate glance, which said as plainly as words how glad she was to have me there. When we returned to the drawing-room she retired to a distant corner with some embroidery, which soon fell unheeded on her lap, while her eyes sought wistfully the darkened window-panes, through which I am sure she could see nothing. Once she rose, and opening a magnificent piano—every appointment of the house was as handsome and costly as money could provide—struck a few plaintive chords. But on her mother's fretful exclamation, "Play, Florence, play something intelligibly or not at all—you distract my nerves!" she quietly closed the instrument and returned to her seat.

Mrs. Cope, meanwhile, protecting her complexion with an Indian hand-screen, reclined in an arm-chair by the fire, and asked me some purposeless questions about Mrs. Seymore and Fern Bank, in precisely the same tone in which I have heard lady-visitors catechize the elder class at an infant school.

On Mr. Cope's entrance he established himself with a shaded lamp and the Times opposite his wife, who relapsed into silence and I think dozed, while I took refuge in some illustrated books which adorned a side-table. At nine o'clock tea was handed to us by the grim footman who had admitted me, and as we drank it, in a silent circle, my thoughts flew to the dear homely, old oak-panelled parlor at Hillside, with sweet rich scents from autumn flowers floating in at the open window, and my brothers and cousins, a noisy, merry group, making endless demands on Aunt Bertha's china teapot. Not for any consideration of fashion or convenience would the dear old lady have abandoned the dignity of presiding at her own tea-table, and handling her own priceless "egg-shell" service. And I mentally resolved to make a vigorous effort to carry Florence away with me when I returned, and introduce her to the free, genial, loving atmosphere of my own home.

How thankful I was when the evening came to an end at last, and Mr. Cope rang for candles! I was again conducted through the long, hollow-sounding passages, and up and down short flights of dark, shallow stairs to my room, and gave a fare-well sigh to freedom and the memory of Hillside House, as I prepared for a long night's rest. I felt a little surprise on thinking of Florence's passively offered cheek and cold good-night, but had just come to the conclusion that a more demonstrative manner would have brought us both into disgrace, when the door opened and the child herself stole in, locking and bolting the door behind her.

"Safe at last!" she cried, triumphantly, throwing a key on the toilet table. "I have got rid of Sarah, and locked my door on the outside, so if she goes back she will suppose that I am asleep. Don't look so serious, Alice dearest. You are not accustomed to these little deceits. I know my manœuvring is very shocking, but they drive me to it—they always did. From my cradle upward they tried to frighten me into being good, and made me—oh, such a naughty child! They never believed a word I said, and so I used to tell fibs innumerable out of sheer cowardice. You have no idea how bad I could be, I was so different with Mrs. Seymore. Now, Alice, stir up that wretched fire, and let us settle down for a long talk—I have so much to tell you."

And Florence immediately subsided into musing silence with the wistful gaze I had noticed before.

"Well, dear, in the first place?" I at last inquired.

"In the first place," she repeated, starting from her meditations with a bright smile, "you now see what sort of a life mine is. Always the same dull routine—no change, no stir, no sympathy; no comprehension even of a life outside these four walls. I declare I have felt so impatient sometimes of the selfish, stupid monotony inside them, that I have longed for a fire, or an earthquake—anything to startle us all into a little human feeling."

I was so astonished at this outbreak from my gentle Florence that I really could make no reply; and presently she resumed,—

"Still I think I could endure this, wearisome as it is, because here I feel safe—I know the worst of it. But what do you think they want now—have been plotting and planning for the last six months?"

"How can I guess, dear?"

She crossed to my side, and kneeling on the hearthrug laid her pretty face on my knee.

"What do you think they want now, Alice? Why to marry me!"

"To marry you!" I paused, incredulous.

In spite of her new-found womanliness, Florence seemed still so extremely young, and I had so long been in the habit of thinking and calling her a child, that I could not believe I heard aright.

"Yes; and to such a bridegroom! As old as my father, as stern, as hard, as rich. That is the secret. They think it would be so fine to see me mistress of Mirkdale Abbey and Overhill House, and I know not what all. But oh, Alice, such a man! You will most likely see him to-morrow. My dear, I had rather jump from the top of the Monument than trust myself to him. The very touch of his hand makes me shudder. Besides, to tell the truth, there is some one else."

"My darling!"

"Some one I love dearly. Some one who loves me. Some one I could die for!"

"Do your father and mother know this?"

"Yes. But they treat it with contempt, as childish, romantic folly, to be forgotten in a week."

"Do they know him?"

"Not even by sight. But you do."

"I!"

She drew a locket from her neck, attached to a very slender gold chain, and held it open toward me.

"Do you not?"

I did—too well. The stern dark eyes, the haughty carriage of the head, the half-sarcastic smile, the handsome but worn features, were those of Mr. Balfour.

"Oh, Florence, what does this mean?"

"Do you remember the breaking-up ball? I often thought about him afterward, but I made sure he had forgotten me, till such a strange thing happened. One day at the beginning of the season mamma drove to the Gardens, and got out to hear the band. It was very hot, and when she had sat a little while she felt faint, and sent James to try and get her a glass of water. He stayed away an immense time, and mamma made herself really so ill with nervousness and fuss that I was frightened, and offered to go and look for him. It was an absurd idea, for I did not know in the least where he was to be found, and of course in my confusion I took quite a wrong direction, and found myself in an old avenue—so lonely, so cool, so shady! I stood still in rapture, but I suppose I looked very much puzzled, for a gentleman rose from the turf on which he had been stretched and asked if he could give me any assistance. I knew him instantly. 'Yes, if you can tell me how to find my way back to the band, Mr. Balfour,' I said. 'You should have seen his astonished look when he heard his own name! 'I feel sure I have seen your face before, yet I am ashamed to say I cannot remember where,' he said. 'Do you recollect the broken heath?' I asked, laughing; and positively, Alice, he showed me the poor little withered blossom in his pocket-book! Well, he said a great many pretty things about why he had kept the flower, and his pleasure at seeing me again, and my being changed and yet the same, and so forth. At last we went to look for mamma. Imagine her countenance when we appeared! She believes to this hour it was all planned. She was sitting in the carriage waiting to go home: James had been back for an age, and had been dispatched again in search of me, and so had Mr. Malcolm (my 'auld Robin Grey,' Alice). I introduced Mr. Balfour somehow, I'm sure I don't know how, and he explained in his most charming way about Sir John Balfour, and the ball, and Mrs. Seymore; but it was all of no use. Mamma only gave him the most icy bow, took no notice whatever of his explanations, and swept me into the carriage in a small whirlwind of moire and indignation. He called next day, but of course we were 'not at home.' He wrote to me, but papa keeps the key of the letter-bag, and he solemnly burnt Mr. Balfour's letters, unopened, before my eyes. And all the time my marriage to Mr. Malcolm was talked of as a settled thing—never made a fuss about, but quietly taken for granted as only a question of time. And I do think I should have yielded but for Arthur. I often felt that I had not strength enough of my own to resist them," said the poor child, breaking down at last. She had hitherto told her story with a mixture of tenderness and carelessness, and a touch of real penitence also.

"But you have not explained how you contrived to meet again after all," I said.

"Oh, 'love will find out a way,' you know. Arthur managed to discover several places where I was allowed to make purchases and notes got mysteriously into baskets of flowers and parcels of music, and all sorts of odd places. And wherever I went in public, by some admirable intuition he was sure to go also, and the consequence is that we are engaged. Won't you wish me joy, Alice?"

"I don't like so much mystery, my dear."

"No, of course not," she said, lightly, "it must all come out soon, that's one comfort. Now we will both go to bed, for if our stolen meetings are suspected, your visit will have an untimely end."

CHAPTER IV.

"'And while this same blood in it shows red
This same right hand's value,' she said.
Toll slowly.
'Tis my will as lady free
Not to wed a Lord of Leigh,
But Sir Guy of Linteged.'

The old Earl he sulked sooth,
Then he sighed for wilful youth,
Toll slowly.
'Good my niece, that hand withal
Looketh somewhat soft and small
For so large a will, in sooth.'"
—F. B. Browning.

The morrow was Sunday. Our parish church was some three quarters of a mile distant, and Mr. Cope always drove there in great state, attended by a retinue of family, friends, and servants, being the sort of man to suppose that he showed the greatest respect to his Creator, as well as set the best example to the public, by paying his devotions with the utmost possible ostentation.

Florence stood drawing on her gloves by the breakfast-room window, from which she suddenly turned with flushed cheek and frowning brow, just as her mother entered, gorgeous in velvet and ermine.

"As our carriage will not hold five, Mr. Malcolm has brought his own this morning, Florence."

"So I perceive."

"You are therefore to accompany him, and we will take Miss Mostyn."

"Mamma!"

"What is it?"

"Indeed, indeed I cannot. It would look so odd. There is plenty of room for four in our carriage. Why should not I ride with Alice?"

"Because Mr. Malcolm wishes to drive you."

"I will not go with him. If you refuse to take me I shall stay at home."

Her mother rang the bell.

"Put Miss Cope's muff and shawl in Mr. Malcolm's carriage, James."

Florence's lips parted in eager protest.

"Silence," said Mrs. Cope, in an imperative whisper. "Will you dispute my orders to a servant?"

In the hall the two gentlemen awaited us, and Mr. Malcolm was introduced to me—a thick-set, heavy-featured, high-colored, choleric looking individual, little, if at all, younger than Mr. Cope.

Judging from Florence's pale face and fixed gaze out of the carriage window, I do not think Mr. Malcolm enjoyed his ride very much.

We left church in the order of our arrival. Some one stood near the porch, very much muffled up, reading the monumental tablets, with his back to the departing congregation.

"Miss Cope, you have dropped your handkerchief," I heard Mr. Malcolm say: "allow me to return for it."

"By no means," replied Florence, decidedly; "it is not of the least consequence, and I am far too cold to wait here."

We had a quiet chat in the drawing-room while Mrs. Cope nodded over "Baxter."

"Who picked up your handkerchief, Florence?"

"How can I tell? Of course I did not look back."

"It would never have been dropped if you had not been perfectly sure who would pick it up."

"Did you know him then, Alice?"

"Certainly not, but I guessed all about it when I heard your reply to Mr. Malcolm."

"Is not he intolerable? Besides, Alice, he is a widower, so of course he cannot have a grain of real affection for me."

"I don't quite see why that should follow," said I, with an involuntary smile; "a great many people marry twice, and love each other very much."

"I never could marry a second husband, and never would be any one's second wife," Florence replied energetically. "I think it wicked. I want some one to love me, and me only, and me always. If I thought any one I cared for had a divided heart, I should break my own, though my rival were but a memory."

She spoke as a child, but with all a woman's soul in her eyes. Poor little enthusiast! Young though I was then myself, I felt that there were few who could satisfy such demands.

"But Florence, though Mr. Malcolm is elderly, and plain, and a widower—"

"Old, ugly, and somebody else's husband," she interrupted; "once married, always married, Alice."

"Till death us do part," I quoted perversely. Not that I did not entirely share Florence's sentiments in my heart, but because I was always of a contradictory disposition. "But however all that may be, it is quite possible for Mr. Malcolm to be fond of you, my darling."

Quite possible, indeed. She looked so very lovely, the dark-blue of her soft merino dress admirably suiting her delicate color and golden curls.

"But I assure you he is not, Alice. He does not know what true affection means. If he really loved me he would let me go, seeing how odious he is to me."

That was incontrovertible.

"No," she resumed, "he thinks me a good speculation, or rather, a safe investment. Papa's wealth is so well known."

"But since Mr. Malcolm is so rich himself, why should he want a rich wife?" I asked.

"Since papa is so rich himself, why should he want to find me a rich husband, you might just as well ask: because money loves money and nothing else, and thinks the sum total of human happiness is shut up in a heavy purse. Oh, Alice, I have been so sickened with it all since I came home."

Here the gentlemen entered, and Florence sought refuge at the piano from her adorer's heavy attempts to converse. After playing the first few bars of Mozart's divine Ave Verum, she asked me to sing the second part, but her mamma interposed.

"You know how strongly we object to all that theatrical Catholic nonsense, Florence. If you must play, be good enough to select some of our own church music."

The girl's color rose, and she glanced at me as though deprecating the rudeness of the interruption; then quietly obeyed till it was time to dress for evening service.

That day was but a type of many days. The small sarcasms, thwartings, contradictions, minute tyrannies to which it seemed absurd for grown people to condescend, were repeated on every opportunity, only varied by those demonstrations on behalf of Mr. Malcolm, which alone goaded Florence to active opposition. It was a wearying, worrying life even to me, with the thought of my own free, happy home to fall back upon. I could not wonder at its effect on Florence.

In the course of the following month we were starting for a walk, attended by the inevitable James, when a message from Mr. Cope detained us. He would be glad to see his daughter in the library.

"Is he alone?" she nervously asked.

"No ma'am, Mr. Malcolm's with him."

"Oh, Alice, what do they want? He never comes more than twice a week, and then to dinner. Come with me, I am so frightened."

But this I declined, feeling sure that my uninvited presence would only make matters worse.

I repented my decision when she came back to me white and trembling, and laid her poor head on my shoulder without a word. Her passive despair terrified me, and it was long before I could elicit any account of what had taken place.

It appeared at last that some complication in Mr. Malcolm's affairs rendered his immediate presence in Hamburg desirable, and that he meant to take the opportunity of paying visits to several other continental towns where he had commercial correspondents, which would probably extend over a couple of years; and his errand that morning was to propose that, to obviate so long a separation, he should marry Florence before leaving England, and take her with him.

"Admirably business-like and practical, was it not? Quite worthy of Mr. Malcolm," said Florence, with a miserable attempt to smile. "You see he would save the expense of a wedding tour."

"What do your parents say?"

"They quite approve. I think they are enchanted at the prospect of ending by a coup de main the long struggle which is so tiresome to us all. Besides, they will at once get rid of me and my misery; and they think that by the time I come back, if I ever come back, I shall be reconciled to my fate."

I resolved to make one appeal to Mr. Cope's compassion. The thought that Florence could be hurried into a marriage with a man she detested, while all her heart had been given to another, seemed so intolerable, that I nerved myself for a dread encounter, and with sinking spirits and burning cheeks marched straight into the lion's den. Even at the time I had not the remotest idea of how I began, but I suddenly found myself launching into incoherent entreaties that they would spare Florence from the wretchedness in store for her if she married Mr. Malcolm. All the response I elicited was an expression of astonishment that I should venture to interfere in matters so entirely beyond my province, and a caution that any further attempt to do so would only result in a total separation between Florence and myself.

I went straight to Florence's room, and bent over the sofa on which, worn out with crying, she had fallen asleep at last. On her delicate face the violent emotion of a few hours had done the wasting work of years. Could I have looked forward only a little way, I had rather wept over the early grave to which she seemed hastening, than have put out a saving hand. But I knew nothing then, and every thought and hope was bent on her rescue.

I suppose my intent gaze disturbed her troubled sleep, for she suddenly sat up, pushing aside her disordered hair with the look of one struggling back to painful consciousness. Then she said abruptly—

"Do you think I shall live long, Alice?"

"I hope so, dear."

"Oh, I don't! Dr. Pearce told mamma that I had not much 'stamina,' and things that vexed me injured my health more than she was aware of. That was when I wanted you to come. So I suppose I couldn't bear up against trouble very long. I am glad of it."

"But this trouble, is there no escape from it?"

"None that I can see. I haven't a friend in the world able to help me, and only one willing, besides yourself."

The dinner-bell interrupted us.

During that dreary meal only one remark was made not bearing directly on its progress.

"Mr. Dewhurst gives his lecture on 'Palestine' to night, and it would be only courteous for some of our family to attend. Are you disposed to go, Miss Mostyn?"

I was about to give a most emphatic refusal, when I caught a look of entreaty from Florence, plain as spoken words, and bowed assent instead.

"I am glad of it. The proceeds will be given to a most excellent local charity. Are you well enough to accompany your friend, Florence?"

Though Florence said "No, papa," her voice, for the first time that day, had life and hope in it.

"You will not go, Mrs. Cope, I suppose?"

"I couldn't possibly. You know I should be completely worn out."

"Then I shall do myself the honor of taking Miss Mostyn, and we can call for Mrs. De Went; no doubt she will be glad of the carriage this cold evening."

So instead of returning to the drawing-room, I had to go up-stairs and collect wraps for my unwelcome expedition.

In the corridor Florence met me with glowing cheeks, and pressed a billet into my hand.

"I feel sure Arthur will be there on the chance of seeing me," she eagerly whispered; "but I dare not go, we should only be so much more closely watched. You must try to see and give him this, for Heaven's sake, Alice; it is my only hope."

Seated in the lecture-hall, between stiff Mrs. De Went and stern Mr. Cope, I had sore misgivings as to the success of my mission, and I am sure they thought me the most ill-bred and restless girl it was ever their misfortune to encounter.

"I am afraid you are not interested, Miss Mostyn?' Mr. Cope dryly inquired, as my opera-glass for the twentieth time swept the reserved seats, to his manifest annoyance.

"Not much," I frankly replied. "It amuses me more to look at the people."

"Canon Dewhurst is a most gifted man," interposed Mrs. De Went, in a stage-whisper. "I am sure if you would try to concentrate your attention on his address you would be rewarded."

I might just as well do so, it appeared, for any result produced by my inspection of the audience. Mr. Balfour was certainly not there.

The last of the Hon. and Rev. Herbert Dewhurst's flowery periods had died away, and I was shivering in the portico while Mr. Cope put Mrs. De Went into the carriage, prevented by the crowd from drawing up exactly at the door, when some one addressed me in low and rapid tones—

"Do not be alarmed, but tell me quickly, is Florence ill?"

"Oh, thank goodness you are here!" was my first most irrelevant response. "No, not ill; that is, she is better; please take this," and pushing the note in his hand, then turning, guilty but triumphant, to be taken to the carriage by Mr. Cope, while Arthur Balfour stepped back into the shadow.

When we got home Mrs. Cope and Florence had retired, but I was not at all surprised to hear a low tap at my door while I sat wondering how it was all to end, and perhaps feeling a little frightened, now the excitement was over, at the success with which I had performed my errand.

"Well?" said Florence, entering with flushed cheeks and eager eyes.

"I gave your note, my dear, but that seems to me only half the battle. How will you get a reply?"

"He was there, then? I knew he would be. Oh, that will be managed somehow. Alice, I begin to hope!"

"I am glad of it. But, Florence, you know very little of Mr. Balfour. Are you sure you are not afraid to trust him?"

"I love him!"

Ah, that was it! Has the wisdom of ages ever availed when put in opposition to that potent argument? What weight had my doubts, cautions, fears compared to Florence's boundless love and faith?

The answer to my poor girl's letter was not long in coming; and certainly it was one which few women—no woman deeply and ingenuously in love with the writer—could have resisted. It was so eloquent yet so earnest, so full of devotion on Mr. Balfour's part, yet of the tenderest and most chivalrous consideration for Florence, that, though the proposal he made was rather a desperate one, it is little to be wondered at that he carried his point.

If I am blamed when you have gone a little further, for being not merely a consenting but an actively helpful party to such a mad scheme, remember the circumstances.

Here was Florence, heart-broken at the idea of being forced into marriage with a man she did not love, yet admitting that if left to herself she should not have moral or physical strength to resist the cold determination of her father and mother.

Here was the man she loved, handsome, young, avowing a love for her which was almost worship, and promising a faith to last as long as life itself.

Here was I, little more than a schoolgirl, with a girl's delight in a love affair, especially if enhanced by a dash of romance and mystery.

Who can wonder that with three such actors a tragi-comedy should not be performed?

On only one point did Florence contradict her lover, but on that she was firm. He wished to carry out their enterprise at once, "if 'twere to be done, 'twere well it were done quickly." But she insisted on a certain delay. At last each conceded a little, and the week before Christmas was chosen.

Meantime preparations for Florence's marriage to Mr. Malcolm went rapidly on, no longer in any way opposed by the bride elect. She strove by every mark of submissive gentleness to win her way to favor, and so far succeeded that the last few weeks of her abode in her uncongenial home were at all events outwardly harmonious.

Time rolled on, and at the eleventh hour Florence risked everything by making a final appeal.

"Papa," she said, in a low and troubling voice, standing irresolute after bidding them good-night, "papa, will nothing induce you to release me from this odious engagement?"

"Certainly not," he said, with cold surprise. "I thought, Florence, you had given up your foolish opposition; my word has long been pledged, and must be kept."

"Mamma," she said, turning impulsively to her, "mamma, intercede for me! You do not know how dreadful, how hateful the thought of this marriage is."

"I cannot, Florence," said Mrs. Cope, shaking her silks free from her child's passionate clasp; "I make it a point of never opposing your father."

Florence looked from one to the other with the bitterness of despair in her eyes.

"You will drive me to do what even you will regret," she said; and from that moment there was no more looking back.

(To be continued in our next.)

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

SHADES OF A RUINED LIFE—HOW A FARMER'S BOY BECAME A MILLIONAIRE, BUT IS NOW A CONVICT.

In a small town in Iowa, thirteen years ago, there lived a rich and prosperous merchant—one widely known and universally respected. He was one of our modern types of the self-made men. As a farmer-boy he had sought a place in the village as clerk in a "country store." In three years he became partner, and in five sole proprietor. The town grew, and his business grew with it. Profits were large in those rapidly-growing western towns, and even then supply scarcely equalled demand. With a good beginning in the world, and a keen eye, unbounded energy and a fund of good nature, so necessary to the business man to develop this beginning, with few wants and a simple solid trust to the foundation of experience, success was certain. The war came; it was to his business but a new lever. He was largely engaged in dry goods; we all know how they went up. He saw the advantage; he had nerve, and went in largely. His bills at this time with Claflin & Co. were enormous. He was well known in New York, and called perfectly good. It was the golden age with him. In the back room of his store he had whole cords of sheeting and calico which were worth 800 per cent. more than they had cost.

It would not have been surprising if such monstrous fortune had a marked effect upon the mind of this simple, straightforward business man; if he had felt the secure foundation of experience less necessary; if he had seen new horizons opening up greater possibilities in the future; if he had planned Napoleonic schemes of commerce in a wider field. It is not known that he had these dreams; what we do know is that his good judgment became unreliable and played him false; that during the ensuing five years he lost money nearly as fast as he made it; that he finally sold out and came to New York with a saved remnant of his immense fortune, but with unbounded ambition and the utmost confidence in his own abilities.

Benoni Howard was one of the few business men whose honesty and liberality during a long career were never by any human being doubted. He always paid everything that was demanded of him, and with interest. This was with him a mania. It extended beyond the pale of his business into his moral life. He had something of the Indian in his nature, for he never forgot a favor nor forgave an injury. "I'll be even with you yet" was his favorite remark, uttered in his quiet, determined way, and those who knew him best looked to themselves when he made that remark. The subsequent history of this man is the story of a single act and its results—an act of resentment. It was this fatal quality, resentment, which was the shoal on which his life was wrecked.

In 1863 Benoni Howard became proprietor of the immense establishment known as the New York Match Company in Forty-second street. The business carried on here was something enormous. He bought of the government no less than seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of revenue stamps. The government allowed him a certain percentage on these drawbacks. A misunderstanding occurred here, the government, according to his figuring, not allowing him what the contract required. He felt that he was an injured man; he applied strong language to the government officials and was promptly snubbed. "The government has cheated me; I'll be even with them yet," he said as he walked away.

The enemy, however, was too strong for him. The government watched him, and found that he did not buy as many stamps as he used, and they suddenly made a descent upon him, shut up his factory, broke up his business and threw him upon the world a ruined man. Unstamped boxes of his matches had been found in the market, and it was upon this fact that the action was taken. Nothing more serious was suspected until nearly a year later, when a fisherman in the East River found buried in the mud, and covered with wax and verdigris, a copper plate for printing revenue stamps, and bearing the name of Benoni Howard. Howard made desperate efforts to get that plate from the unsuspecting fisherman, but the detectives were too quick for him, and outbid him for the fatal piece of copper bearing the name of the ruined match manufacturer.

He was not the only man involved however; there was another man who trembled when he learned that this plate was in the hands of the police. That man was the engraver who had made it. He did what other frightened men do with the strong instinct of self-preservation—he ignobly betrayed his partner, made a clean breast of it, and hopelessly implicated Howard as a counterfeiter. He was tried, and the jury disagreed. Hundreds were ready to come forward and testify to his good character—that of the engraver was questionable—and the evidence, though morally overwhelming, was not legally sufficient.

Last summer a man from the States came to the town of New Liverpool in the province of Quebec. He was accompanied by his wife, as if his stay was to be permanent, and he engaged his services to a merchant at a salary of $1 500 a year. He was a man of forty-five, and had a crushed, too quiet air, and a close observer of human nature might have noticed the nervous, scared look in the face of the poor wife, and under his own forced calmness a dull terror, an unrest, the heart of a man "hunted down." His nights were troubled, for it was said by the neighbors that the unhappy wife would often awake from her dreams with screams and tears. It was her woman's prophetic fears only too soon to be realized; it was her husband, Benoni Howard, the counterfeiter, who was on Saturday sentenced to five years' hard labor in the penitentiary.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Origin of Familiar Names.

(Continued from last number.)

MARY.—Hebrew and English; means "Myrrh of the Sea" and is also translated "bitter." This is probably the most popular of female names in all Christian countries, it being that of the Mother of Christ. The sister of Moses and Aaron, who led the songs of the Israelites when they saw their enemies dead upon the seashore, was the first owner of that name. It has been translated to mean "stubbornness" from meri, and has also been explained as meaning "Myrrh of the Sea," "Lady of the Sea," or "Star of the Sea," the likeness to the Latin and Teutonic "Mar" being probably the guide. The devotion of the Crusaders first brought Maria into Europe, and thence arose the French Marion. In England, the translation of the Bible gave the English form "Mary" to the French "Marie." Mary II. was the first of the queens who dropped the terminal "ie." This name is found in sixteen languages, the commonest forms being Maria, Mary, Marion, Moll, Molly, Polly, May, Marie, Mariette and Marietta.

MATILDA.—Teutonic, Italian and English; means "Mighty Battle Maid." Some of its forms are Maud and Tilly.

MAUD.—See Matilda.

MAY.—See Mary and Margaret. It seems to be a natural contraction of Mary, although the Scotch use it articulately as a nick-name for Margery or Margaret.

MIRANDA.—Latin and English; means "to be admired."

MOLLY.—See Mary.

NANCY.—See Hannah.

NELLY.—See Helen.

PATIENCE.—Latin and English; means "bearing up."

PATTY.—See Mary.

PAULINE.—Latin, French and German; means "little." It has arisen from the male "Paul."

PRISCILLA.—Latin and English, means "ancient." Priscus and Prisca are found in Roman martyrology, but the most interesting person of the name is Priscilla, the fellow-worker of St. Paul.

RACHEL.—Hebrew, German, English and French, means "ewe." With other Scriptural names, Rachel obtained a foothold in England under the Puritans.

REBECCA.—Hebrew and Latin, means "noosed cord," or "to bind." Isaac's wife probably got her name from rabak, "to bind," as an expression of the firmness of the marriage bond.

ROSA.—Latin, Spanish and Italian; means "rose." Whether it is true that the "rose by any other name would smell as sweet" appears never to have been tried, for all countries seem to express both the flower and its blushing tint by the same sound. The first use of "bros" among Teutons, however, was sometimes as "fame," sometimes "a horse." Robais or Roesia, most probably the French and Latin "hros" fame is the first form in which the simple word appears in England. Rosa is found in all kinds of ornamental form in different countries, and the contractions or diminutives of one become the names of others.

SARAH.—Hebrew and English; means "Princess," or "to rule." The verb "to rule" furnished both names of the wife of Abraham.

SOPHIA.—Greek and English; means "Wisdom."

STELLA.—See Esther.

SUSAN AND SUSANNAH.—Hebrew and English; means "lily." The name was properly Schuschannah (a lily,) although it is now known as Susannah, of which Susan is a contraction.

TABITHA.—Aramean and English, means "gazelle." Tabitha is explained in St. Luke as the same as Dorcas (a roe or gazelle,) the Greek word being from its full, dark eye. The term as applied to cats is probably derived from "tabi," an Italian word for a species of watered silk.

THERESA.—Greek and English; means "carrying ears of corn." The first to bear the name was the wife of a Roman noble, called Paulinus. It was made popular in Roman Catholic countries by the enthusiastic devotion shown by Saint Teresa in the sixteenth century.

VICTORIA.—Latin and English; means "conqueror." The verb Vinco, to conquer, furnished the names of Vincent and Victor, and the latter was given to women as Victoria. The original of the name was a Roman virgin, martyred in the Decian persecution.

VIOLET.—Latin and Scotch; means "violet." The probable original, Violante, is of uncertain origin. In France it was transformed to Yolande or Yolette, and in the confusion between y and j, it appeared in English as Jolette. The Scots imported Yolette as Violet, and the name has flourished there on account of the Scottish love for floral names.

VIRGINIA.—Latin, English and Italian; means "flourishing." The name is derived from the old plebeian family, who first spelt their name Vergenius, thus connecting themselves with "ver," "the Spring." Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name Virginia to his American colony in honor of the Virgin Queen (Elizabeth), and if Virginia is not derived from virgo, "a virgin," it ought to be.

VIVIAN.—Latin and English; means "lively." Vivia from vivus (alive) was the first name of Vivia Perpetua, the noble young matron of Carthage, whose martyrdom is one of the most affecting histories in the annals of the early Church.

WILHELMINA.—Teutonic and English; means "helmet of resolution." It is one of the almost innumerable forms of Wil or Will, which gave rise to the popular male name William, or German Wilhelm.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ No other living thing can go so slowly as a boy on an errand.

☞ For bilious complaints, says Mr. Quilp, try greenbacks.

☞ A Milwaukee woman recently conducted her own case in a suit for divorce, and obtained a verdict in her favor.

☞ Opposing the Centennial is like turning back the hands of a clock to save time. It is bound to come.—*Boston Post.*

☞ Colonel Sweet, editor of the San Antonio, (Texas) Herald, recently received two Indian scalps as a present from an admirer of his paper.

☞ When a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely the same before as behind, the father exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he is going to school or coming home."

☞ If your neighbor's hens are troublesome
And steal across your way,
Don't let your angry passions rise,
But fix a place for them to lay.

☞ Society laws are inflexible even in Milwaukee, where, says the Sentinel, though a man may possess an octagonal watch, unless he has a mouse-colored horse and a yellow sleigh, he can only skirmish on the outskirts of good society.

☞ A Pennsylvania manufacturing establishment has begun discharging men for telling falsehoods. The New York Mail thinks that this plan, if generally carried out, would be apt to paralyse the industries of the country.

☞ The New Orleans Picayune recently concluded an article with the following very plain spoken remark: "We thought it best to make this explanation, because one or two outside parties appear to think they are running this paper. We want to nip the amiable illusion in its bud."

☞ A young poet in the Western States sent to the local paper a love-poem beginning:

Reveal, I beg, the magic spell.

The editor answered that if he liked to call at the office he should have the spell of the dictionary there for a few hours.

☞ Some useful lessons or examples may be found in the most simple occurrences. At the Terre Haute depot recently, an old lady attempted to get off while the cars were in motion. A gentleman standing near the door prevented her. "Let her go," exclaimed a kind-hearted passenger; "if she gets killed, it will be a warning to somebody else."

☞ In a description of a wedding, a writer in a western paper said one of the ladies wore "a magnificent satin, decollete at the bottom and sides." The spouse of the lady in question is looking for the reporter who penned this paragraph, to reason with him, but he has taken French leave.

☞ It is said that, during one day's healthful existence, sixty hogsheads of pure air should enter the human lungs. And yet we don't suppose one man in a thousand measures the amount of air he breathes to ascertain if he takes in sixty hogsheads per day. More attention should be given this matter.

☞ Nine thousand persons attended President MacMahon's ball in Paris. The servants were utterly unable to attend to the guests, as they were penned up in corners and could not move, and many of the guests themselves were unable to get further than the stairs and vestibules, and saw nothing of what was going on in the saloons. Dancing is said to have been difficult.

☞ There is a strong, able bodied woman in Grand Rapids, Michigan, who has not been three blocks from her house but once in twenty-five years, but she can be heard whispering to her children three miles.

☞ The word "imp" originally signified young man. Edward VI. is so styled in a letter of Cranmer, and a young son of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who was poisoned by his nurse as is supposed, is described as an imp in the inscription on his tomb at Warwick.

☞ Frank Elson, a lad engaged in one of the paper mills at Ypsilanti, Michigan, lately received an imposing official document from Holland, inclosing an order for his immediate presence, and money enough to carry him out, to establish his claim to an immense estate—$10 000 000 is the rumor—for which the Holland courts can find no nearer heir. He has started.

☞ Fame is to be deserved. Listen to the Sheboygan (Wis.) Herald: "Many of our citizens attended the Italian opera in Milwaukee on Monday evening. A lady named Nilsson sang on that occasion, and is said to have done pretty well." "A lady named Nilsson," indeed! The Herald will next speak of a "gentleman named Grant."

☞ Recently a party of young men in Sacramento started out to serenade a lady friend. They exerted themselves to the best of their ability for about half an hour in front of the house, when something white on the door attracted their attention, which, upon investigation, was found to be a card saying, "House to Let."

☞ Mary Sherrick, of Bridgeport, Ct., has sued John Harris, of the same city, for breach of promise, asking $15 000 damages. Harris says that Miss Sherrick has accused herself for some time past by sending him packages containing dead rats and other delicate tokens of attention. He does not think her entitled to further satisfaction for injuries sustained.

☞ Scientific men tell us that if pianos stand north and south, the tone of the instrument is much improved. This is true especially when the piano is thumped by a learner. About one hundred and fifty miles north and south of you is the proper position for the instrument to stand when being murdered by a young thing taking her first lessons. It improves the tone wonderfully.

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"IF."

BY CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Brown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling,
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord of May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

SCEPTRE AND CROWN.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Edbury rode "over dale and over down" in the sweet stillness of that July night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the branches of the trees. Now and then an invisible night bird piped a solitary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over the hills as the queen moon, well attended by her guards, rode indolently down the broad highway of heaven. Indeed, it seemed to be a sort of field night up above, for all the velvet-soft, blue dome, like the fabled path of love, was strewn thick with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he topped the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little college town, which was his destination, he involuntarily drew rein and sat silent a moment, enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left an old-fashioned, brown brick house reared its twisted chimneys; in truth, so close was he to it that its sharp gables seemed to cut the air over his head, and only a strip of green lawn, bordered by horse-chestnut trees, separated him from the gleaming windows.

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might—"

Robert hushed his song when he perceived, for the first time, his close proximity to the house.

"The home of some village beauty," he muttered to himself. "I had better move on, or they will mistake me for some love-smitten adorer."

Too late! Just then a shutter was swung softly back overhead, and a lady's face appeared at the open window. In the rush of bright moonlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold-gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was lovely, even before the lovely voice spoke, softly—

"Robert, dear, is it you?"

For half a minute Robert Edbury was mute with surprise; even when he found his voice, the answer came haltingly:

"How did you know it was I?"

"Of course I knew it was you." There was a dash of petulance in the sweet voice when it spoke the second time. "Who else but you would be riding along the street singing in that absurd way at this hour of the night. Have you got a cold, Robert? It seemed to me that your voice sounded unnatural when you spoke."

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Robert, wickedly, and getting his wits partially together. "It is something I am not used to."

"Of course not! and it is very rash of you to be out at all, at this late hour?" returned the lady, anxiously. "Where are you going?"

"I am on my way to join my friend, Fred Norton. I promised to make him a visit to-night," answered the gentleman, fighting with a laugh which threatened to betray him.

"Why!—where did you come from?—where have you been?" purred the pretty, unknown questioner, with unbounded surprise in her tone.

"I came from the station. I was detained there—to tell the truth I fell asleep at the hotel where I was stopping, and overslept myself three hours," returned Robert, gravely.

"Oh," and now there came ever so slight a tinge of jealous suspicion into this sweet voice in the dark. "Is it possible, Robert, dear? I know you promised me you would not—but, is it possible that you have been to see Netty Cameron?"

"No," returned Robert, promptly. "I swear to you that I have not seen Netty Cameron. Moreover, except the landlady of the Crown, you are the only lady to whom I have spoken to-day."

"Poor Robert!" and a little malicious laugh rippled on the air. "You are forgiven. And now go—it is not prudent for you with your weak health to be breathing this night air. You will be ill to-morrow I am afraid; your voice already sounds strange and altered. Good-night."

"One moment," cried Robert, earnestly, he had flung himself from his horse, and now leaping the low fence he came close beneath the window, where gleamed that mysterious, enchanting face. "Won't you give me a flower—you can easily reach that clustering vine by your casement. Perhaps—perhaps I shall wish to ask you sometime to forgive me some great offence. Won't you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strangely you talk. Of course I would give you a flower; but these are only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing but roses. But stay!"—the pretty voice caught itself. "I have got a bunch of violets on my table. Would you like them?"

Anything!—anything that comes from your hands!" Robert replied more sincerely than he always spoke.

The bright face disappeared a moment from the window and then returned—a white hand gleamed in the moonlight.

"There! take them, and now you must go! Quick—some one is stirring. Good-night!"

The window was dropped, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found them where they fell; but with them Robert had seen something bright as a star falling too. An instant's search revealed it what he suspected it to be, a lady's bracelet; a slender ring of crystal and gold—the quick movement had unclasped it from her arm, and Robert with a smile put it side by side with the withered bunch of violets in his pocket as he rode away.

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down,"

sang Robert as he rode swiftly on in the purple dusk of the trees. "Sceptre and crown if I had them I'd fling them down for the one bare chance of hearing that lovely voice once again."

He was alone; there was no one to see him, and taking the violets out of his pocket he kissed them tenderly. It was silly, so silly of him to do it; but who of us does not do silly things when alone? Silly things that we blush for afterward, perhaps, just as Robert Edbury blushed, putting the violets again quickly away.

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down
If I might—"

But his song got no further than that, that night.

Passing arm in arm with Fred Norton the next evening down the crowded rooms of the student's examination ball, his quick ear was caught by a note which at once arrested his attention. He had said that he should know that divine voice again, hear it wherever or whenever he might, and he was not mistaken.

"Who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you? It frightens me to think of it. It—it was somebody of your height and figure."

Robert Edbury turned and saw close beside him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful. Roses, wee red roses stained the bright gold of her hair, shone at the bosom of her paly, soft-green dress, and a bunch of roses swung by a slender gold chain from her wrist.

Robert Edbury caught his breath as, turning her face, the girl's soft violet-blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingly on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered, eagerly, to Fred. "How lovely she is? What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before, but here it is, pure and undefiled. Who is she?—give her a name."

"Miss Jessie Chassediane," answered Fred, with a smile.

Half an hour later Robert was bending over her hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-wreathed window. They were as much alone as it is possible for one to be in the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd. The first notes of a Strauss waltz were beckoning the dancers, and gay couples went laughing, hurrying by.

"You are alone! Surely you are not engaged for this valse?" said Robert, eagerly.

Some remembered cadence of his voice struck the young girl's memory, and forgetting to answer him, she looked at him doubtfully, while a rosy blush swept over her forehead. She half knew him and half did not.

"Will you let me look at your card?" he pursued, as with perfect courtesy in his voice and manner he took the bit of gilt and enameled pasteboard, which she had tucked away in her bouquet of roses.

"I—I half promised this dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a quick glance over her shoulder into the swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert, with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rose that had fallen, and then held it triumphantly before the flushed and startled flower-fair face by his side.

"See!" he said, gayly. "I saved it from being crushed under foot. Will you not give it to me?"

But she reached out her hand impulsively.

"I—I never give any roses to — to strangers," she cried out, with a frightened, angry air. "I—I do not like you. I am afraid of you. They are Robert's roses. Give it back to me!"

"Robert's roses!" he repeated, in the same gayly tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank confession. "My name is Robert, too; therefore I claim the rose."

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, flew up and met his. She knew him then; frightened and ashamed, and trembling from head to foot, she rose impulsively to her feet; he too; and they stood so, facing each other a moment in the gay unheeding crowd.

"I know you now," gasped Jessy. "How dare you speak to me again—you are very presuming; I will not bear it. Give me back my rose and leave me."

Her voice rose angrily; she was flushed and panting, but his will was stronger than hers, and he meant to rule her.

"Hush," he said calmly, "you are attracting attention. You can give me this one valse, and then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange, will it not? You shall have it back when the valse is over; but mind what I tell you; as sure as there is a heaven above us, the day is coming when you will offer me a rose unasked. Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over the young girl's face; his words, and more than all, his manner, impressed her as he meant they should; he stood with proffered arm courteously still beside her, and though protesting inwardly with all her might that she would not dance, she gave him her hand and in another moment they were floating deliciously together down the Beautiful Blue Danube.

When it was over and Robert led her to a seat, she was very pale. The pretty rose color had all died out of the sweet, round cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously, bending over her. "Are you tired? Shall I fetch you some water?"

"No, no!" she cried shrinking away from him. "I am not faint — but look at Robert. I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do?"

Robert Edbury turned and saw standing close by him that other Robert, who threatened to be evidently no mean rival. One hand was pressed to his side as if to still some pain there, and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked by unmistakable traces of confirmed ill health, a cloud of jealous anger rested heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival.

A little smile of scorn as he looked, curled Robert Edbury's lips. Then with a grave face he took from his pocket a withered bud and laid it in Jessy's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said, quietly. "I restore it to you, but remember what I said, and bear in mind, too, that I am no mean prophet!"

Then without waiting for an answer he disappeared in the crowd of dancers, and sought her no more that night.

He met her frequently after that, sometimes at her own house, sometimes at the houses of mutual friends during that bright, brief period of college festivities. He pursued her with unremitting attentions, for he loved her passionately, and all the world might see it for aught he cared. She too might see it, if she chose; but whether she did or not, he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore back his eager importunities.

At length came the last day of his visit, and with anxious heart he sought her in her own home, determined to put his fate to the test and win or lose it all. She was quite alone in her parlor; the long French window by which she was sitting was flung wide open, and the low red sunlight streaming in over her, lighted up her fair gold hair and the roses in her dress.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought as he took her hand in his. "What if I should not win her, after all. But I will make a hard fight for it."

Jessy looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very moody," she said, trying to withdraw her hand, and then blushing violently under his earnest look.

"I love you," he answered, impetuously, losing all command of himself in that fierce moment of doubt. "I love you! will you not give me some hope of love in return? I am going away to-night. Do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man!"

Jessy was silent for a moment—one long cruel moment to Robert Edbury—then the small sweet face was turned to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom beforehand, ere she spoke the words.

"You must have known how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You knew, surely you must have known, that I was engaged to my cousin, Robert Stormleigh."

He was silent then; for a little time, just a little time it was impossible for him to speak, he loved her so truly with a sense of bitter loss. The low red sunlight streaming in on him mocked him cruelly. He heard the great old-fashioned clock on the stairs ticking out the jeering words—

Lost! Lost!! Lost!!!

"Engaged!" he said, at length, with a long-drawn breath. "But engagements, where no love is, have been broken many times before now!"

"Hush!" cried Jessie, angrily. "Do not speak like that again. It would kill him! You do not know what you are saying."

"Kill him!" the old sneer returned to Robert Edbury's lips. "Have you chosen a lover so fragile that a harsh word would crush him?" Then: "Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" he implored, flinging himself at her feet. "I love you; I love you; and I have nothing human in me when I think that I have lost you."

"God in Heaven! what was that?" he cried the next moment.

Before she could speak to him, before she could lift him, there came a long, smothered sound from the open window. Something like a groan, part like a shuddering shriek, and all too dreadful for a mortal man to give utterance to twice in a lifetime.

They turned and saw Robert Stormleigh standing there, a figure never to be forgotten, his handsome blonde face distorted by an awful look of jealous anger, his left hand pressed with the old familiar gesture upon his heart.

He came slowly forward trying to move his stiffened lips in speech.

"False! false woman that you are!" he muttered, brokenly. "You promised me never to speak to Robert Edbury again. You have broken your faith with me. You love him! you—you—have—"

He stopped, staggered, and with a frightful shiver fell headlong to the floor. Fell prone between the two frozen listeners who stood waiting as if to hear their doom from his delirious lips.

When they lifted him up he was dead.

It was many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say good-bye to Jessy Chassediane.

The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to these two.

"Good-bye!" she cried, reaching out to him a slender hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace!" Her voice fell.

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—sometime in the future I may come to you."

"Hush!" she cried, with tears rolling piteously down her cheeks. "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell there on the floor. We killed him! We killed him!" and she wrung her pale hands together in strong excitement.

"Stop!" said Robert Edbury, sternly, "you have no right to judge like that. How could we know the passions of his ill-regulated mind? Let us think of him only as one who, from his infirmity, might have suffered much, and who has mercifully found peace in restful death."

He stood for a moment looking with a fond, mad longing into the small, sweet face from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crystal ring he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she lost that first night of their meeting.

"I found it under your window that night you gave me the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it back now?"

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered into her cheeks once more.

"No!" she answered, looking into his dark face with tender, gentle wistfulness. "You may keep it. It is yours!"

So he kissed her hand and said farewell, and rode away.

But ere he went he whispered, "When the roses bloom again remember me!"

A year went by—two years, and no message came. The third year he said to himself, "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by, and July came, but not one word from Jessy Chassediane. He was growing sick with a wild and helpless despair, when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart. It held one line:

"The roses are in bloom and there is one for you!"

So Jessy proffered Robert the rose after all, and, gayly bedight, the happy bridegroom rode over dale and down in quest of his bride. Good luck go with him, as he goes merrily singing,

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down
If I might—"

But I never heard the rest of it.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

GRANDMOTHER (who forgets that grandchildren grow up just the same as other people.) "Good-bye, and bless you, my sweet pet! And don't you think, as it's getting rather dark, that cook or Betsy Jane had better walk as far as the station with you?"

Legends of the Revolution.

BY ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

JASPER'S WELL.

The Quaker poet Whittier, in one of his warlike lyrics—lyrics made up of the clash of cymbals, the peal of trumpets and the roll of drums—breaks out in the following strain:

"A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!"

Now, while doubtless nearly all of my readers have heard of Eutaw and Camden and Fort Moultrie, probably very few have heard of Sergeant Jasper, and even fewer of the exploit which has given the name of "Jasper's well" to the southern locality at which it occurred.

Sergeant Jasper, after his gallant behavior at Fort Moultrie, was one of the most distinguished of that little band of heroes who served under Marion, and kept a foothold for liberty in the Carolinas and Georgia, when the British cause seemed to be everywhere triumphant.

Jasper hesitated not to leave the camp of his commander, and venture again and again within the British lines, in order that he might obtain information of projected movements. And it was in one of these expeditions as a spy, when he was accompanied by a comrade named Newton, that the following romantic incidents occurred.

Two miles from Savannah, in the noble old State of Georgia—one of the glorious "old Thirteen"—there is a famous spring, which is well known to travellers. Here one day a guard of British soldiers halted to rest. Nor they alone. Captive Americans, accused of treason—inasmuch as they had accepted a "protection" from the British commander, and afterward, when the American army had entered that part of the country, joined the ranks of their patriot countrymen—sad and downcast, for they knew their doom was death, also flung themselves down in the grateful shade of the trees that surrounded the well of the spring.

One of these sad-eyed prisoners was a man whose only daughter was with him—resolved to abide by her beloved father to the last. She was a beautiful dark-eyed Southern girl, named Sallie St. Clair. The writer of this would be proud to know that kindred blood to hers runs in his own veins.

Jasper and his comrade had marked this sad procession, slowly wending its dusty way to Savannah and the gibbet—and Jasper's heart had been especially touched by the sorrowful yet glorious beauty of Sallie St. Clair. "We will rescue them, or die!" exclaimed he to his brave companion, with set lips.

A bold thought—for they were two to ten—and, besides, they were entirely unarmed! But in a great cause great souls count not the odds. Two men with God are a match for a thousand mere myrmidons of tyranny.

These men of Marion's pushed on and got in advance of the soldiers and their victims. A sudden thought struck Jasper, as he marked the cool shade of the spring. "Here they will rest awhile—let us conceal ourselves in this thicket," said he.

It was as he had supposed. Soon the British guard came up, halted and stacked their muskets. All but four—two of these remained on guard by the muskets—two others went to the spring for water. When the latter had reached the spring, they leaned their muskets against a tree, preparatory to dipping up the water.

This was the auspicious moment. Leaping out from their ambush, Jasper and Newton each seized a musket. Clubbing them, they knocked the two soldiers senseless—then springing like lions upon the two soldiers who guarded the stacked muskets, and who hardly knew what to do in their surprise, they shot them dead, and possessed themselves of all the stock of weapons.

"Yield at once!" shouted Jasper, as they presented two fresh muskets at the unarmed guard, "or you die!"

The unarmed soldiers yielded, and the prisoners were rescued.

And this is the famous story of "Jasper's Well!"

But it is not the whole of it. Journeying back again into the interior of the country—into the hills, always the natural fortress of freedom—Sallie St. Clair lost her heart to the heroic rescuer of her father and his friends.

But it was no time then for marriage, if for love—and Jasper and she parted without a word; he for the active duties, the desperate encounters, the hair-breadth escapes of a partisan's life—and she to dream of one for whom she had conceived a passion, such, perhaps, as is seldom found save in the warm, rich blood of a Southern clime.

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name,
But hers was like the lava flood,
That boils in Etna's breast of flame."

It was about six months after this, when a stripling made his way into the depths of one of those almost impenetrable morasses where Marion was accustomed to take shelter from Tarleton's dragoons, when the latter were out in overwhelming force, and asked to be enrolled as a member of the famous band.

"You, my son," replied Marion with a smile, "why you are not tall enough and strong enough yet."

The stripling glanced at the small, slight frame of the noted partisan himself—"I do not think I should be so much smaller or weaker than my general."

Marion laughed. "Frankly and truly spoken, my boy—but my business is to lead. I am the head; but the body must have strong arms. Look there!"

He pointed to his band—generally stout and strong, and some herculean fellows, ready to follow the flag of Freedom up to the cannon's mouth. "But still," continued he, "if you have counted the cost, and think well to stay, you shall be welcome. I will refuse no man the glory and honor of serving his country in this desperate hour. Here, Jasper—here is a new recruit."

Sergeant Jasper stared at the youth's face, as if it was partly familiar to him.

"I think Sergeant Jasper will know who I am," said the young man in a calm but very musical voice, "I am the twin-brother of Sallie St. Clair."

"Ah, I thought your face looked very familiar," said Jasper. "Come with me."

From that moment Jasper and Frank St. Clair were sworn friends and comrades. In camp, on the march, and in the strife of battle, where one was, there might be found the other.

One thing often struck Jasper as very curious. He would waken up at night with a kind of half-consciousness that somebody had been gazing earnestly into his face—and find that young St. Clair was awake beside him. Once he opened his eyes suddenly, and his young comrade was leaning over him, his face very close to his own.

"What is it, Frank?"

"Oh, nothing. I could not sleep, and was wondering how you could sleep so soundly."

One day, however, a sad end came to all this. Marion's brigade was attacked in camp by a party of Tarleton's dragoons. They flew to their arms however, and succeeded finally in beating back the assailants.

Toward the close of the conflict, a huge dragoon suddenly spurred his horse to where Sergeant Jasper was standing, and with a blow of his sabre would have cleft him through the shoulder. It would have gone hardly with the sergeant, for he saw the danger too late. But the watchful eyes of Frank were on his comrade, and with a wild shriek he sprang before Jasper. The sabre descended, and Frank fell heavily upon the earth. He had given his life for his friend.

He! Then the truth was first made known. It was Sallie St. Clair. Consumed by the fires of love and absence, she had cut off her long black curls, and arrayed herself in the garb of a man. By passing herself as her own twin-brother, she had removed the suspicion which otherwise might have been aroused in the bosom of the man she so devotedly loved.

They buried her in a beautiful spot near the Santee, and the tears wet many a bronzed and rugged cheek as she was laid in the grave.

As for Jasper, he mourned as one who could not be comforted. Death no longer for him had any terrors. At the siege of Savannah, he was among the bravest of the brave. And when the color-bearer of his regiment was shot down, Jasper seized the fallen colors and rescued them from the defiling grasp of the enemy.

But in so doing he had received his death wound. Little recked he however—for he saw before his dying eyes, radiant as an angel from Heaven, the beautiful face and form of his beloved.

"True love can never die,
Flee you to yonder sky,
Still shall you hover nigh,
Sallie St. Clair."

Value of Sleep.

We do not propose to wear this subject threadbare; yet, attaching the importance we do to sleep as a recruiting power, hesitate not in speaking a word in its favor at all times. It must be remembered that sleep repairs not the vital functions only, but simultaneously those functions which we distinctively describe as mental attributes, and of which the brain is, to our limited comprehension, the organic instrument. The intellectual part of our nature, taking the phrase in its largest sense, is exhausted by its continued exercise, in like manner as the bodily organs, and requires the intermittent periods of repose and repair. If other proof were needed of the great function which sleep fulfils in the economy of life, it may at once be found in the effects which follow the privation of this repair. A single sleepless night tells its tale, even to the most careless observer. A long series of such nights resulting, as often happens, from an overtaxed and anxious brain, may often warrant serious apprehension, as an index of mischief already existing, or the cause of evil at hand. Instances of this kind, we believe, are familiar to the experience of every physician. But here, as in so many other cases, the evil of deficiency has its counterpart in the evil of excess. Sleep protracted beyond the need of repair, and encroaching habitually upon the hours of waking action, impairs more or less the functions of the brain, and with them all the vital powers.

☞ Reading in the morning paper that Thalberg had been embalmed by his widow, Muggins remarked that he knew several married men who were kept in a pickle by their wives.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscripts.

W. A., (No. 9, C. R. R.,) asks: "1st. Is there a law making the marrying of cousins illegal, and, if so, is it a United States law or only a State law? In what States is it in force, and when was it passed? 2d. What is the fastest time ever made by a railroad train? 3d. Is Cespedes, the commander of the Cubans, dead?" 1st. There is no such law in this State, nor is there any national law of the kind. We think we have heard there was such a law in Ohio—but perhaps it was only talk about passing it. 2d. Ninety miles an hour, we have seen stated, but doubt the truth of the statement. It was on an English railway that this extraordinary speed was said to be attained. 3d. He is dead, we believe.

F. A. B., (Watrousville, Mich.,) asks: "1st. Is the sentence, 'If we could only read each other's heart we should be kinder to each other,' correct? I claim it is not. I think 'would' ought to be used instead of 'should.' Please explain. 2d. Has Max Adeler, the great humorous writer, ever published a book of his quaint sayings, and if not, will he do it? 3d. Will the Centennial Exhibition begin on the fourth day of July, 1876, or will it commence sooner or later than that period? Will the fare over the principal railroads in the United States be cheaper?" 1st. "Should" is correct. The idea is, that in consequence of certain knowledge, a degree of compulsion would be exercised over us. The use of would for should is a very frequent error with American writers. 2d. The Centennial is to open on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. Excursion tickets at reduced rates doubtless will be sold by all the railroad companies.

C. P. M., (Newton, O.,) asks: "1st. Why is the perimeter of a square greater than the perimeter of a circle containing the same area? 2d. Is Pittsburgh the healthiest city in the United States? 3d. Can the President of the United States hold his office more than two terms? I say he cannot. Am I right? 4th. How long has it been since the flood? 5th. What were the names of the thirteen colonies, who at the commencement of the Revolution threw off their allegiance to Great Britain? 6th. Which is the best business college in Pennsylvania? 7th. How many languages are spoken in the world? 8th. Will Wertzel the Scout be published in book form? 9th. How is my handwriting? Is it above or below the average?" 1st. We do not answer mathematical questions in this column. 2d. We never heard it claimed that it was. Probably it is quite a healthy city. 3d. There is nothing in the Constitution forbidding a third term. Public sentiment so far has been against it. 4th. 6,076 years, according to the Mosaic account; but authorities differ. Hales places it 5,103 B. C. 5th. New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. 6th. We cannot pretend to decide. 7th. There are 3,064 known languages and dialects now used in the world. Of these, 309 are Asiatic; 587 European; 276 African; and 1,624 American. 8th. No. 9th. It is above the average.

A. N. G., (Madison, Kan.,) asks: "1st. I have heard that the syllables do, re, mi, etc., used in music, are contractions of some words. Are they, and if so, what? 2d. Will eating sugar or candy just before singing make the voice clearer? 3d. Does the earth appear as bright to the other planets as they do to us? What causes their light? 4th. Where is the largest telescope in the world, and what is its size? 5th. Can you give me a simple cure for the scurvy, and the best way to keep it off? 6th. Is there a process by which horn can be made soft, so that it can be moulded into any shape and afterward hardened?" 1st. These words are in the main from an old monkish hymn, addressed to St. John, which Guido in the eleventh century used in teaching. Translated, the hymn reads thus:

"Lo-tered be the wondrous story,
Re-prehensive though I be,
Mi-make mindful of thy glory,
Fa-mous son of Zebedee;
Sol-ace to my spirit bring,
La-boring thy praise to sing."

A seventh syllable has been added to complete the octave (si). 2d. We have never heard of that being tried. Sucking a bit of lemon is said to aid in making the tones of the voice clearer. 3d. The earth appears bright to the other planets, but as they present different degrees of brightness to it, so does it to them. Thus Venus is to us the brightest of the planets, but the earth may not be to Venus. The planets shine by borrowed light, that is by reflecting the light they receive from the sun. The stars from their own light. 4th. In England. It is known as the Lord Rosse telescope. This enormous instrument has a clear aperture of 6 feet, and a focal length of 53 feet. It has two specula (reflectors) one weighing about 3½ tons, the other about 4 tons. The illuminating power of such a telescope may be illustrated by the fact that the figures on the dial of a church clock may be read through it when twilight is so far advanced as to render the tower itself of the church invisible when gazed toward by the naked eye. 5th. The use of such vegetables as onions, celery, etc. is considered excellent for the prevention or cure of scurvy. It is a disease caused chiefly by confinement, hard labor and low, unvaried diet, and yields to a restoration of healthful conditions. 6th. We know of none.

ACTON, (Philadelphia,) writes: "1st. If a person wishes to dramatize a story from a weekly paper, is he compelled to buy it? If so, from whom, the author or the proprietor? 2d. Suppose he wishes to take it from a paper that is out of existence, and the author is living, could he do it in that case?" 1st. He must buy it of the proprietor of the paper. Authors have nothing more to do with their stories after they sell them; their right of ownership ceases as completely as it would in the case of any other bargain and sale, unless there is an arrangement to a different effect. 2d. He had better apply to the author of former publisher of the paper for permission. The story may be copyrighted.

"PETER SNOW" (Columbus, Ga.) We know nothing about the publication and the troupe, concerning which you inquire. Your handwriting is very good.

W. C., (Jamison, N. J.,) asks: "Will you please inform me through your valuable paper the meaning of the word Juniata? It cannot be found in Webster's unabridged dictionary, nor in Walker's. It is a word very much used in Michigan on wholesale hardware stores. It reads on them in this way: 'Iron, glass, putty, pain'ts, etc., Juniata store.' I have asked several of my friends, and they could not inform me. So I write you for an explanation of the word." We regret our inability to enlighten you. Why not ask the proprietors of one of the stores in question?

PEGGIE C. 1st. "A little girl only fifteen years old," as you describe yourself, knows no more of love and marriage than a week-old kitten does of mousing. Yet you say, among other deplorable things, that a young man left you "with a broken heart," merely because you told him you were going away and did not know when you should return. Miserable young man! His heart must have been made of very tender material indeed. But it seems he survived, and now you ask us to inform you how you can "win his love back," he having danced with you at a New Year's party and infatuated you in some subtle way. We would not be severe upon you, Peggie, but we do earnestly advise you to give more attention to your housework and studies, and less to the young man, especially as you say you wish to perfect yourself in letter-writing. 2d. We cannot take the solemn responsibility of deciding in what style it would be most becoming for you to wear your hair. Be a girl awhile yet, Peggie; don't be in a hurry to be a "young lady." You will never have a chance to be a girl again. 3d. Your handwriting is fair.

"AZAN," (North Carolina,) asks: "1st. Which of Bulwer's works do you consider the best? 2d. What is your opinion of the book known as '——'?" 1st. We can only give our individual preference. "The Caxtons" pleases us best. It has been adversely criticised in various quarters, but the general impression conveyed by reading it is that it is a production of originality and power. "Pelham" and "My Novel," are regarded by some as Bulwer's masterpieces. 2d. It is a work of much interest and merit. 3d. Good. We cannot give you the other information for which you ask.

J. H. T., (Massie's Mills, Va.,) asks: "1st. Who wrote 'Gertrude of Wyoming?' 2d. What is meant by The Ides of March. 3d. What per cent. is my handwriting?" 1st. Campbell, the English poet. 2d. It means the fifteenth day of March. In the Roman calendar the Ides are the fifteenth day of March, May, July and October, and the thirteenth day of the other months. Eight days in each month often pass by this name, but only one strictly receives it, the others being called the day before the Ides, and so on, backward to the eighth from the Ides. 3d. Near it not quite one hundred.

"DON JUAN," (Philada.,) asks: "1st. Was not Elias Howe the inventor of the sewing-machine? 2d. Do not all other sewing-machine companies pay the Howe Machine Company, or Elias Howe or his executors a certain tax or royalty upon every sewing-machine manufactured? For instance, do not the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine Company pay a royalty for each machine made?" 1st. The sewing-machine as it is, is not the invention of one mind but of several. To Elias Howe belongs the honor of the original achievement; but it cannot be claimed that he deserves the whole, for others have added great improvements. 2d. Royalties for the use of various privileges and improvements are paid by different companies, but we cannot say just who the parties paying and receiving are.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]